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Culture in a Democracy

BY IRWIN EDMAN

THE humane tradition has been concerned with the maintenance of the arts, the sciences, and philosophy. What is the status and what is the possible future of these enterprises in the troubled society of our own day? On the answer to these questions may be said to depend the future, and certainly the quality and value of our civilization. In the pressure of contemporary uncertainties we have ceased to look before and after, or to estimate the perhaps incalculable values in the Western patrimony of the past. For the humane tradition is in the first place a heritage, what is available to us, as Matthew Arnold for once and all put it, of the best that has been known and thought in the world.

But Matthew Arnold's famous phrase must be taken broadly. It is the patrimony of not simply what has been said and thought, but felt and imagined, uttered in music as well as in speech, carved in stone or painted on canvas. It includes the Parthenon as well as the "Œdipus Rex," Chartres cathedral as well as the "Divine Comedy"; it includes Palestrina as well as Thomas Aquinas, and Beethoven along with Goethe. Nor, as is so commonly believed, does the humane tradition exclude the enterprises of science in its profounder aspects. Newton is in some senses the father of modern philosophy as much or more than Descartes, and the history of science is the history of disciplined imagination playing over the ultimate conditions of experience.

The conception and (in so far as practice ever approaches remotely an ideal) the practice of a liberal education in this country has been that of a trained acquaintance with the specifically human history of the race, as expressed in these great documents of the past, the masterpieces of Western culture. The synonym indeed for an educated person, a cultivated one, is a tribute to the fact that absorption of the outstanding expressions of the past, in poetry, science, art, and religion, is more than a matter of acquired information about archaeological remains of generations long dead. These monuments of the past, architectural, musical, philosophical, are genuine cultivators of the spirit of man. To associate one's self with them is, in two senses, to be on the way to education. It is to learn to speak in a temper and in a language not of our own but of all time. For the remarkable quality of classic utterance in any field is that it speaks across centuries to us. Different ages are different provinces of the spirit, but they are provinces of a common empire and citizens recognize one another across the boundaries of epochs and nations and modes. To move among classical treasures is to have sensibilities sharpened, experience clarified and rendered more intense and more coherent by the immortalized moments of insight of those gifted in any generation with that singular union of vision and design which in any age we call genius.

So fascinating and liberating is the humane tradition to those who have been seriously exposed to and disciplined in it, that they tend perhaps to take it too much for granted and to wonder why a fact so commonplace among educated men should need to be reiterated or defended or worried over. Why does the humane tradition need defense or protection or diffusion, or if it really does consist of immortal things, why should one feel that these are ever going to die?

A CWA ARTIST PAINTS A MURAL

In the Public Library, Provincetown, R. I. From "America Fights the Depression" (Coward-McCann).

The humane tradition needs defense in the first place, from some of its defenders. For better or for worse, the ideal of culture has come to have a weak and an effeminate connotation. It means to many people, a pretty dabbling among anthologies, a dilettante concern with paintings, a humming familiarity with the chief melodies of concert classics. The humane has been identified with the genteel tradition. Culture has been a combination of elegance and nostalgia, of preciousness and disdain. Matthew Arnold, for all his now neglected wisdom, is partly to blame. It was he who taught the cultured few to be superior to the Philistine many, and indeed gave Philistinism its modern meaning for educated people. Culture has been retrospective and irrelevant. It has been an elegant escape into beautiful anachronisms, and studied resuscitations of the remote and the dead.

The ideal of the humane tradition has thus come into two kinds of disrepute. It has been identified with a leisure class dandyism, the preoccupation of the soft and the secure. It has found unconscious alliances or been consciously accused of alliance with the reactionary in art and morals as well as politics and thought. Culture has come to mean a sterile lip service and a fashionable ritual of the accepted in literature and life.

The humane tradition, however, is alive just in so far as its monuments live actually and functionally in the imaginations of live human beings. The great dead live by

(*Continued on next page*)

Next Week

BERNARD SHAW
By ELMER DAVIS

FORTUNE AND MEN'S EYES
By GEORGE CRONYN
Reviewed by William Rose Benét

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casting the ever fresh light of some permanent and fine discrimination upon the living present. The humane tradition makes men of all ages kin precisely because its great monuments express the recurrent and hence deathless themes and issues of malleable but essentially unchanging human nature facing the same ultimates in any generation.

Yet it may again be asked, if all this be true, why should there be any concern for the future of that past which gives the background and color to so much present human thought and feeling? Why be worried about the possible death of things by definition immortal?

The matrix of our civilization is so changed (it may well be argued), the sources of our actions are so different from those still operative a century ago, that the great tradition of the past is doomed to meaninglessness for our and for coming generations. The ancient world, Thomas Hardy tells us, was moved by superstition; the modern world by science. And there are many who believe with him that with the lapse of the traditional mythologies and the traditional social patterns of the Western world, the art and thought that flowered from them must inevitably lose their appeal. What have the minds of a small city state in the fifth century B. C., bred on a vanished rhetoric and a vanished polity, an antique physics and a purely verbal logic, to say to us of the twentieth? What have the poets and prophets of a pastoral society and an anthropomorphic religion of thousands of years ago to say to us of a streamlined, air-minded age that thinks in terms of statistical probabilities, relativity, and the quantum?

Nor are the alleged reasons for indifference to the humane heritage to be found simply in a change of imaginative climate. It is repeatedly and wearily pointed out that we are truly in a desperate crisis, with desperate alternatives hanging in the balance. The refinement of perception, the contemplative detachment, the free delight in form required by and encouraged by the tradition of European culture, are, it is argued, irrelevant to the issues faced by a society threatened internally with insecurity and unemployment, and externally by a war that must inevitably involve the future, possibly even the life of all the nations of the world. War or peace, democracy or despotism, fascism or communism, abundance or starvation, social justice or civil war, these are the pressing alternatives among which we have come willy nilly to move.

All these considerations have enough weight to demand some attention and some reply. As for the total collapse of the social order, one must leave that to the specialists in doom. Perhaps Western civilization is killing itself, and if it does, all its cherished values will certainly go with it. But barring that not impossible catastrophe, we have still to ask what are the chances of survival of the humane tradition in a society increasingly mechanistic and biological in its assumptions, mechanical in its techniques, and international in its involvements. Are our temper, our apparatus, and our environment so unparalleled in Western history that the heritage of the West in the arts and literature and philosophy must become increasingly meaningless and unimportant and unmoving to us? Are we really going to say goodbye to all that?

The values of the humane tradition are exactly what they always have been, and, as the doctors say, perhaps never more indicated for any generation than our own. It is precisely because our lives have become so external and mechanical that the European tradition that speaks in so many noble instances with clarity and precision and intensity of the ultimate concerns of the human spirit is needed as a refreshment and a release. Knowledge comes but wisdom lingers. One might almost say knowledge goes but the wisdom and beauty enshrined in any great utterance linger after its alleged knowledge has been outmoded or forgotten. But the humane tradition is indicated for our time as something more than refreshment and release. It offers a corrective to the extraordinary myopia that any epoch is subject to, and to the almost unparalleled intransigeance and fierceness of our own. In the imaginative masterpieces of our past, there is in the first place an antidote to the localism of time to which we are peculiarly subject.

It is often charged against the humane tradition that it is a leisure class heritage. In one sense this is incontestably the case. Art and thought demand the spaciousness of leisure. Imagination needs a chance to dream, thought the opportunity to wander through strange seas of thought alone. The privilege of such peace and freedom have for the most part in the past been confined to a relatively small class. It would be idle to compute the cost in human misery and of human injustice of the environment that made possible some of the most esteemed monuments of contemporary culture. It may even be contested, as it is by some today, whether the particular bright glories of literature, music, and art could be nourished by a thoroughly democratic society. It may be questioned whether democracy and distinction can endure together.

To raise such a question is to miss the profounder faith underlying the democratic hypothesis, and the generosities implied in the humanistic (not for nothing called also the humane) tradition. Democracy taken seriously involves the assumption that genuinely free institutions nourish, liberate, and cultivate personality. It involves the further assumption that there are, barring a marginal subnormal few, the materials in everyone for the making of personality. The ideal of the "humanities" in the past has always been ultimately aimed at the enrichment and harmonization of individual life. Democracy deeply and cultivation widely conceived are thus identical. And thus conceived, culture might cease to connote the byplay of a leisure class, and come to mean the enrichment of life for all the members of a free society. The extent to which humane values were pervasive would be the test of a social order. The extent to which distinction was diffused would be the criterion of a genuinely humane as opposed to a purely verbal or purely snobbish culture.

From the point of view of purely traditional humanists, here is precisely where the rub lies. It is hard to see how distinction can be conceived as universal, or how truly distinguished excellence in the fine arts and in thinking can be universally appreciated. Finesse is always the gift of the few, we are told, and even the perception of finesse. Democratization of cul-

(*Continued on page* 14)

Skyscraper

By Ross Edwards Pierce

CLOUDS will come blowing round a lofty tower
Blinding the beacon eye that stars its head
Alone in the swaying and the windy hour
And pace the pulsing of the heart with dread.

Clouds will ride slowly down the upper air
Bury the granite spire from the top
Lost in an ashen lake of dim nowhere.
And bring the beating heart to all but stop.

And so in antique days the tall foremast
Of some great ship would lunge the fog-hung hordes
Bending and shaking past each sea gray dune,
And then slide out victorious at the last
The torn sheet in array of tapering cords
Dripping silver in the distant Moon.

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River of No Doubt

DEEP DARK RIVER. By Robert Rylee. New York: Farrar & Rinehart. 1935. $2.50.

Reviewed by GEORGE STEVENS

EVER since the South became good copy for novelists ten or twelve years ago, the negro has been an increasingly important character in American fiction. There have developed certain typical negro stories, ranging from the simple presentation of the negro as the victim of a system, to the distillations of the horror school, in which the individual negro becomes the victim of poor white monsters. Throughout all this, the negro characters in Southern novels have tended to be swamped under social implications—for even the most admirable social theses can petrify the characters of a novel.

There have been notable exceptions, for instance in the novels of Julia Peterkin and Du Bose Heyward, and in the plays of Paul Green. In this category comes "Deep Dark River." Although the story takes place in the Faulkner country, although the negro, Mose Southwick, is a member of the class of sharecroppers which Erskine Caldwell has appropriated, this novel avoids all the characteristics of the moonshine school of southern fiction. Mose Southwick is not only a negro character, acutely observed, sympathetically presented. His situation is not only that of a negro in backwoods Mississippi—it is a profoundly human situation, and he meets it in a profoundly human way.

Mose is a simple laboring negro, who drifts to the farm when there is no more work on the roads. What distinguishes him is an abundant inner life, a confidence in himself which takes a religious bent, a knowledge of his rights and a determination to stand up for them. Without those qualities, he would have run away, instead of holding his ground, when his wife was taken in adultery by the white plantation manager. He does run away later, when he has killed in self defense the negro hired by the plantation manager to shoot him; but he cannot stay away. He comes back, facing the risk of being caught and tried for murder.

The second half of the book, which is the account of the trial, could be criticized on technical grounds. The point of view shifts from Mose to Mary Winston, the woman lawyer who defends him. But the result justifies the somewhat artificial means, for through Mary Winston's efforts to get justice for Mose, Mr. Rylee not only tells an exciting story which will hold any reader, but also contrives to present in every salient detail the community to which Mose belongs. He takes it apart and shows how it works, with dispassionate irony towards the helplessness of all the people involved. He is acutely aware of the social implications of Mose's situation, yet—although he has created in Mary a perfect vehicle for a thesis—his thesis comes through not in terms of sociology, but in terms of human nature. Therefore, while the setting and details are those of Mississippi, the essential story is universal. It is not so much the story of a victimized negro as of a courageous spiritual victory; it is not the story of a static character defeated by his environment, but of a developing character who triumphs over adverse circumstances.

To believe completely in Mose's final victory requires an emotional response which not all readers will be prepared to give. There is an almost mystical quality, almost a feeling of transfiguration, at the end: a culmination somewhat similar to that of "The Green Pastures." It would be too much to say that Mr. Rylee has brought off this culmination with unmitigated success. There are implications at the end which many readers will either ignore or reject. This criticism, however, applies to the final pages only, and does not affect the value of the novel as a whole. There is one other criticism which applies throughout the book. Mr. Rylee is not always successful in shifting from Mose's own words to his thoughts. Mose's language is not only authentic, it is often beautiful; but when Mr. Rylee writes for him such sentences as, "He had become resigned to the futility of his life," the effect is irritating.

This again, however, is a technicality, and should not be emphasized. What should be emphasized is that Mr. Rylee has written a novel that is moving and real. He has put life into all the characters; he has individualized the farm negroes as clearly as the ancient plantation owner who went to seed with his land, his two degenerate sons, his weak bully of a plantation manager. And into Mose, the simple negro preacher whose consciousness is a river of no doubt, he has instilled the nobility of aspiration, courage, and integrity.

FROM THE JACKET DESIGN OF "DEEP DARK RIVER"

Northern Frontier

THE MEN OF THE LAST FRONTIER. By Grey Owl. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1935. $2.50.

Reviewed by EDWIN L. SABIN

LET no one judge this book by its title. The narrative is not another Western dealing with peace officers, gunmen, and pioneers. The scene is Canada and the wild North; the dramatis personæ are trappers, woodsmen, the modern voyageurs, Indians, and the animals of fur and feather. The chapter headings indicate the trend of the story: "The Vanguard," "The Land of Shadows," "The Fall of the Leaf," "The Tale of the Beaver People," etc. These headings, however, fail to declare the extraordinary charm and high values of the story.

No little interest attaches to the author. He is sprung from a Scot father and a New Mexican Apache mother—with name Grey Owl, bestowed upon him by the people of his adoption, the Ojibway of Canada. The narrative was written, the publisher states, under difficulties, in isolated camps and on the trap line, and has been only slightly edited. There is no sign that it ever required editing. The style is smooth, well sustained, and rich in imagery, sympathy with man, animal, and natural aspects of a wilderness country. To attempt to point the prospective reader, with any satisfaction, to any chapter in particular, is an inadequate measure. "The Still-Hunt" stirs the blood from the moment when the Ojibway youth first casts about, silently, for the covert of the hunted moose, until he suddenly fires his shot and utters his first word: "Meheu. It is done." The reviewer unhesitatingly recommends "The Men of the Last Frontier" for old and young.

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The German Terror

THE NAZI DICTATORSHIP. By Frederick L. Schuman. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 1935. $3.

Reviewed by OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD

THIS is an excellent and most readable account of Hitler, his rise, and the events since he took power. If it is not always thoroughly documented, that is if Professor Schuman has relied a good deal upon contemporary newspaper accounts and books whose authorship is not yet clearly revealed, that was perhaps inevitable under the existing circumstances when final authoritative information is not always to be had, least of all in Germany where all pains are taken to hide the truth. Thus one must not place too much reliance upon Henri's "Hitler Over Europe," or similar volumes and press accounts, which contain many exaggerations. But the amount of factual material within this volume is most impressive and, unlike Heiden's "A History of National Socialism," it is delightfully written. Taken in connection with Professor Calvin Hoover's "Germany Enters the Third Reich," it gives all the information that any one need have as to what has happened in Germany since 1930, until such time in the distant future when, if ever, the completely authoritative story of the Nazi horror may be written.

Professor Schuman has done some very good descriptions of the personalities of Hitler leaders, beginning his narrative with a brief story of Hitler's life. He describes him thus:

> The rich he hated because of his poverty. The poor he hated because of his frustrated ambitions. Jews he hated because they represented what he would have become and could not. Frenchmen he hated, not because he had fought them for four years, but because France too, and the faint breath of Paris which he had caught in pre-war Vienna, bespoke a polish, a sophistication, a cultural freedom, and a libertarian Bohemianism which was to him evil because he—narrow, uncouth, and provincial—was incapable of sharing it and finding it good. Slavs he hated because his mother's blood spoiled his own German purity. Since his life was empty, he romanticized it. Since war was a release from emptiness, he welcomed it. And since war was hideous, he romanticized it too—with a glorified *Heldentum* idealism as fanatic and tenacious as war itself was inglorious and foul.

There are other similar remarkable analysis of Hitler which go far to explain his idiosyncrasies and the contradictions of his extraordinary character. Professor Schuman has also dealt admirably with the neuroses of the various groups and classes to whom Hitler especially appeals. Thus he writes that

> the vices and crimes of the Jews, real or imaginary, have not a logical but a pathological relationship to the anti-Semitism of the NSDAP. Nazi Jew-baiting achieves an emotionally satisfying solution of individual personality difficulties and of the psychic disorders of the entire *Kleinbürgertum*. It likewise furnished a device for the emotional unification of the group infected with the anti-Semitic virus. The Jew merely happened to be the most convenient whipping boy.

Incidentally, Professor Schuman shows once more by unquestionable statistics the falsity of Hitler's charges against the Jews. For example, Hitler denounced the Republic as the "Weimar Jew Republic." The facts are that of 250 ministers in the Republican cabinets between 1918 and 1933, only two were Jews and only four were of Jewish descent and out of the 608 members elected to the Reichstag in July, 1932, there was only one Jew, and only fourteen were of Jewish extraction. It is true that in Berlin half of the lawyers were Jewish but in Prussia, as a whole, the percentage of Jews was but twenty-seven.

The difficulty that the chronicler of Nazi Germany has in arriving at exact facts appears from Professor Schuman's handling of the case of Horst Wessel who has become one of the two great heroes of Nazidom. There seems to be no doubt that Wessel lived with a prostitute, but it is not clear whether on the proceeds of her prostitution or not. He died on February 23rd, 1930, after having been shot by a man who was both a Communist and another lover of Wessel's prostitute. The Communists give the worst side of the picture while the National Socialists in carefully edited textbooks portray him to the youth of Germany as the ideal young patriot, an inspiration and model to every German youth. The crazy psychology of the Nazis in this connection is well illustrated by the following quotation from the Düsseldorf newspaper *Der Brunnen* as recently as January 2nd, 1934: "How high Horst Wessel towers over that Jesus of Nazareth—that Jesus who pleaded that the bitter cup should be taken from him. How unattainably high all Horst Wessels stand above this Jesus!" Of course, if any one in Germany published Dr. Schuman's account of Wessel he would go to prison immediately for slandering a national hero, and the excellent Horst Wessel song will continue indefinitely to inspire the marching hosts of the Nazis.

After the Reichstag fire, here again the chronicler — every chronicler — is compelled to do a good deal of guessing. Professor Schuman brings out the fact that in the "purge" of June 30th almost every one who could have had knowledge of what really happened was murdered. He does not record the report that the remaining man, Kruse, who might have borne witness and who did make a sensational statement to the Swiss press, appears to have been lured back to Germany to his death. In the main Professor Schuman has to follow the newspaper stories and the narrative of the trial given in Douglas Reed's "The Burning of the Reichstag." As it is, the exact facts of what took place will now probably never be known.

Perhaps the very best writing done by Professor Schuman is in his description of the horrors of June 30. Here again it is practically impossible to give all the facts. Thus Professor Schuman declares that from "confidential but probably reliable sources the writer has received an estimate of 1,186 persons murdered on 'Bloody Sunday' and during the week which followed." But on reports from another and equally reliable source the London *New Statesman and Nation* puts the figure at 1,284, which shows how much guessing has to be done. But Professor

"HEIL HITLER." *Photomontage from "Eyes on the World" (Simon & Schuster).*

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Schuman dramatizes brilliantly the actual occurrences so far as the truth is now known. He even drops the role of the detached historian to portray in the manner of James Joyce what he thinks went on in Hitler's confused and fear-crazed brain on June 30, 1934:

> Goering said obedience why faithfulness horrible but for the fatherland forward with god why had his father forbidden him to be an artist murder was ghastly unless heroic his mother had a czech accent suicide was yesterday on a building scaffold when christ and the virgin on painted postcards in the burgerbrau blessing men dying on odeonplatz were corpses of sister paula in berchtesgaden on barbedwireriddledby machinegunsbecause. . . Fear and misery bred madness in Hitler's unstable brain.

There are times, too, when the book is weakened by an attribution of motives which Professor Schuman could hardly prove. For example, he makes the statement in regard to Schacht that: "For the purpose of evading payment to Germany's creditors abroad, he had reduced the gold-holdings of the Reichsbank from 882,383,000 marks, in March, 1933, to 74,873,000 marks by September, 1934, when the note coverage stood at two and three-tenths per cent." How can one be sure that Schacht did this for the purpose stated? After all, the arming of Germany was already going on apace and the reduction of the gold-holdings was probably in large measure due to the necessity of paying for the necessary imports for this purpose.

But all in all, as has been said, this is an extremely valuable book of reference for every student of the German situation. Professor Schuman's industry has been extraordinary and he has boiled down to their meat countless quotations from speeches and writings to give a complete picture of that Nazi mentality which in the words of Hans Frank declares that: "Hitler is lonely. So is God. Hitler is like God." Not only for students of the German situation. So menacing to the peace and safety of the world, to democratic institutions and to modern civilization is Hitlerism that it is the duty of every person who seeks to follow what is going on in the world to be up to date with what is happening under the German flag. Unfortunately, the book, like so many others of genuine value, suffers from a totally inadequate index which naturally decreases its value both for student and journalist.

Travel Sketches

FOREVER WANDERING. By Ethel Mannin. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. 1935. $3.50.

Reviewed by VARVARA N. YAKOUNCHIKOFF

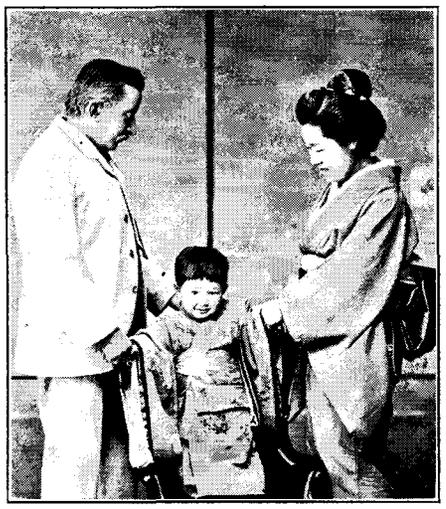
THIS book is neither a diary nor a systematic account of the author's travels. It is a series of sketches jotted down here and there—personal adventures, glimpses of landscape, street scenes, cafés. Except in the case of Russia, the reader scarcely hears of politics, economics, or social problems, though he is compensated by the vivid and humorous descriptions of smaller things.

In spite of the entertaining and amusing form, the absence of selective principle and general outlook inevitably makes the picture fragmentary and superficial. For instance, one cannot accept Ireland as represented by the author. The country of riots and fights for independence appears sleeping peacefully, unconcerned with progress or civilization. The poverty stricken inhabitants, forced into idleness by unemployment, accept their sad lot passively, almost contentedly. One feels like adding—"poor but happy." Neither does Germany seem to be affected by the Nazi régime beyond the dispersion of homosexual clubs and a lull in the night life of Berlin.

ETHEL MANNIN

Undoubtedly the real value of the book is disclosed in the Russian chapters. In spite of the visit limited to Moscow only, one manages to get more out of these few pages than from many other books. The reason lies in the human and unprejudiced approach of the author. She does not go into fits of ecstasy, nor is she discouraged by the darker sides, but penetrates the surface, seeing with remarkable clearness the important points.

Still one should be careful in accepting her criticism of Soviet art, not because she describes it as "bad," but being a "liberal intellectual" and individualist, her approach is esthetic and personal. The main principle of proletarian art as an active social factor cannot be criticized from the old bourgeois standard. For, retaining artistic form, it must appeal to the masses by expressing and developing their cultural interests. "Social-realism" is a progressive movement in art not because it discovers a new technique, or uses original subjects, but because its function and purpose introduce new elements unknown to art in the capitalist world.



HEARN WITH HIS WIFE AND SON

Hearn in Retrospect

FATHER AND I. Memories of Lafcadio Hearn. By Kazuo Koizumi. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. 1935. $2.50.

Reviewed by FRANK J. MATHER

HOW much do most of us remember about our fathers before we were ten? Not much. Lafcadio Hearn's eldest son seems to have remembered almost everything. For this there were reasons. As an alien, as a stern and Spartan sire, Hearn was a portent to his own child, as much feared as loved. It is the interplay of memories in which fear, admiration, and love strangely blend that make his little book in an exotic and often poetical English a remarkable document.

In education little Kazuo was subjected to what seems a cruel forcing process under his father's tutorship. Hearn did not spare the rod and the glassed door by the boy's desk was stained with the tears the little boy shed as he leaned against the door to avoid a blow. On one occasion Kazuo saw his father cleaning the glass. Next day at lesson time Hearn dictated the following to the lad:

> On the glass shogi of papa's room there are little marks . . . made by the tears of papa's dear little boy. It makes papa very sorry to see them; but every little boy must cry when he begins to learn—and the glass can be washed.

This suggests that there was more system than mere irritation in Hearn's harshness. The daily ordeal of the English or French lesson, as the occasional ordeal of a perilous swim, may have seemed right for a Japanese boy of samurai class at the moment when Japan was in life-or-death struggle with Russia. Indeed the Russian war pervades these memoirs.

Except to emphasize the ineradicable solitariness of Lafcadio Hearn this book brings little new light to bear upon his strange and unhappy personality. It does tell a good deal about modern Japan, for the sensitive Eurasian boy seems merely so to exaggerate a type as to make it understandable.

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Shelf Room

A QUEER thing, contemporary civilization. Look, for one thing, on apartment house living. What is it doing to the race? Sociologists solemnly, humorists lightly, have had their say upon it, but they have neglected some of its aspects. What, for instance, of the constant use of elevators upon the leg muscles of humanity? Is man, by long disabitude, to become unfit for climbing, and to slide into a sort of wheel-chair decrepitude when anything steeper than a subway ascent presents itself? What of the postman, the milkman, and the newspaper boy who so far as the apartment house dweller knows them might as well be robots? Are they to persist in experience with no more flesh and blood reality than the now vanished lamplighter? Who can tell? It was crowded street cars that did for crinolines once and for all, just as motor cars banished for ever the tiny carriage parasols of Victorian days. Of habit and fashion the changing methods of housing and locomotion take their toll, and no man knows what the future holds in store.

But, seriously what has this feckless preamble got to do with books? It was books, indeed, that gave rise to it, an idle moment's speculation as what is to become of sizable private libraries in apartment houses where space is too costly to permit of special rooms devoted to them, and wall space too cut up to house many feet of shelving. Here's a problem which architects have all too much neglected, but which plagues the booklover. For your true booklover is not content merely to read books, or to own only the books he has read, but he yearns to have about him a miscellaneous collection of volumes which he is holding in store against that happy leisure which always beckons but never arrives, others which he wants simply because they represent vanished tastes or fancies, and still others that though he may never open them enfold a greatness to which it pleasures him to pay the tribute of possession. It was Longfellow who once said a man is as many times a man as he speaks languages. Well, he is as many times a man, too, as he can draw fresh insight and new outlook from the books about him, and change his habitat and mental habits with his reading.

It can be argued, of course, that the best read man is he who reads little but reads that little thoroughly. There is more to be got from one masterpiece that is read into complete familiarity than from a hundred indifferent books which are leafed through and which yield up their best at a first hasty perusal. Men of an elder day, when books were scarce and costly, when public libraries were nonexistent, and a book possessed was a volume to be cherished, to turn to again and again for refreshment and counsel and inspiration, bore the impress of their reading as few among us do today. It is no accident that the noble cadences of the Bible have almost disappeared from our literature, or that quotation and allusion are so less much general than once they were. When the Bible was the constant reading of the many its diction and measure inevitably passed into common speech and writing, and when a few great classics comprised the total library of even intellectual men every allusion and distinguished expression that the books contained became part and parcel of their thinking. Men treasure most those things which are hardest to come by, and books when they were difficult to acquire were something to hoard and turn to ever and again and carry about in heart and in mind.

Yet none of us would willingly go back to the day of few books, nor could we if we would. Quite to the contrary, what most of us who read at all would like to do today is to gather about us a goodly collection of volumes on which we could draw as the need or the mood seized us. How to house them? There's the rub, and there's a problem for the ingenuity of architects. Or else some system of collecting and distributing superfluous books at a minimum of effort to the owner and without detriment to the publisher will have to be devised for fear that otherwise the dissemination of books will be limited by a highly artificial restriction on desire.

Post Script We commented last week on the decline of the autobiographical novel. A sequel to that comment suggests itself in observing what appears to be a current tendency among fiction writers. This is the "news" novel, the report, factual in flavor, on a family, a group, or a community. Not that there is anything essentially new in the journalistic method of writing novels—it could, in a way, be said to have been Defoe's method—but it seems at present to be taking on the proportions of a minor literary fashion.

Under a loose definition of the journalistic novel, a good many titles can be cited which are examples in one way or another. In fact, examples can probably give a more accurate definition than any abstraction. The news novel, then, ranges from John Dos Passos's "1919" and "The Forty-Second Parallel" to James M. Cain's "The Postman Always Rings Twice"; from John O'Hara's "Appointment in Samarra" to such a special case as Dashiell Hammett's "The Thin Man." The category includes such regional novels as some of Thames Williamson's, David De Jong's "D is for Dutch," and Berry Fleming's "Siesta." The list could easily be multiplied by reference to the recent files of this *Review*.

The first quality of the news novel is objectivity. From whatever source the material may come, the result reads like a report of accurate and detailed observations of a certain kind of life. At first glance this would seem to be exactly the opposite of the autobiographical novel, which is subjective, introspective, analytical. Might it not be argued, however, that the news novel is in some cases a development from the autobiographical method? The factual report on a community which the author knows at first hand often seems to be an autobiographical novel with the first person singular left out. The "I" has changed from a subject which undergoes and records its own experiences to an implied subject which is only a center for observation of the experience of others.

The journalistic novel is—to repeat—nothing new; but its current reappearance as a literary fashion is noteworthy, particularly when looked at as a development from an earlier fashion. And it gives all sorts of opportunities to the novelist looking for ideas. If a few years ago every individual's life was regarded as fiction material, today it is every region, every community, indeed every profession and calling. Not many of them, it seems, will be neglected.

Ten Years Ago

In the issue of June 27th, 1925, The Saturday Review recommended "Death in Venice, and Other Stories," by Thomas Mann. Louis Kronenberger, the reviewer, found the book "*as remarkable a study of the literary artist as perhaps exists in modern literature. . . .*" and that the three stories "*rise above even their subject-matter and interdependence, to move and to delight the reader as three single and separate works of art.*"

Thomas Mann, recipient of the Nobel Prize Award for Literature in 1929, arrived in America last week for a short visit during which he received an honorary degree from Harvard University.

Today

The Saturday Review recommends:

DEEP DARK RIVER. By Robert Rylee. See review on page 5.

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Letters to the Editor: *Thomas H. Uzzell on Short Story Writing*

Short Story Schools

SIR:—I ask permission to reply to the article on "Short Story Schools" by Jonathan Norton Leonard in your issue for June 8th.

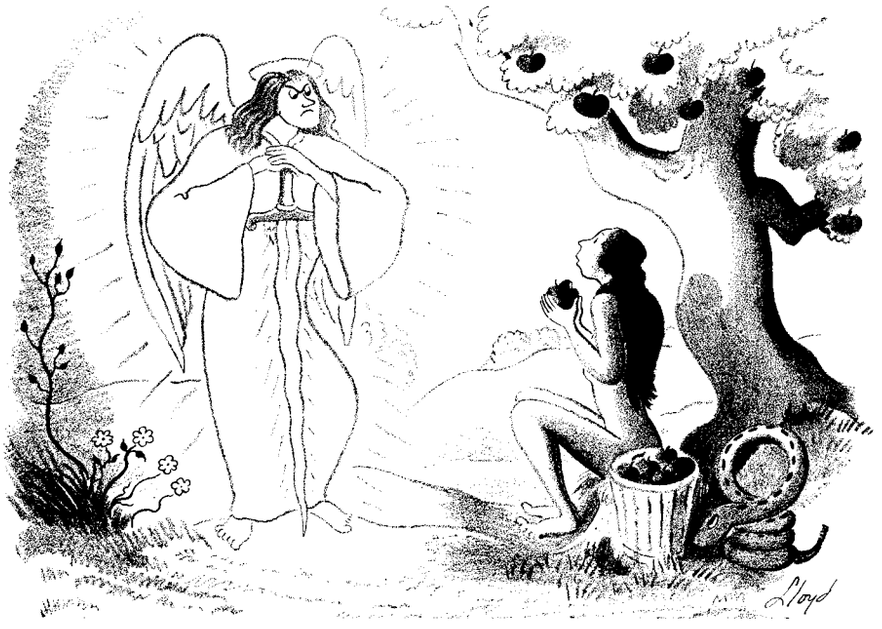
Mr. Leonard says that Americans seeking literary success are disappointed by "correspondence schools," and he speaks truth. Mr. Leonard doesn't know the half; let him continue his research and he'll find negro janitors and farm hands conducting literary instruction by mail and will find well known, revered university professors, heads of English departments, selling the use of their names to racket educational promoters. Some of these totally worthless institutions operate in suburban living-rooms and country barns and take from the helpless public as much as one to two thousand a year.

Mr. Leonard (offering advice) says that learners should ask questions of professional editors or writers "in some adroit way"; the adroitness presumably is necessary to prevent the professional's sending a bill for his labor. If he sends a bill, he's "commercialized" and so naturally a crook. Most professionals, if they're any good, are exceedingly busy and don't like to work hard for nothing, so this approach manifestly is out.

The learner, Mr. Leonard says, may confidently attend writing classes in college; but he also says that only a man with experience as editor or successful writer can be trusted to give sound advice. Such men, however, Mr. Leonard won't find in our colleges; there used to be half a dozen, now I can recall only three or four, and these are so busy that I should expect no really conscientious teaching from them.

What is left? The Bread Loaf Conference. Mr. Leonard seems to feel a trip up there might be safe, admitting too (somewhat inconsistently) that nineteen out of twenty who do go there are duds. But who teaches at Bread Loaf? I have looked into this and as near as I can make out the teachers are the very same successful writers who Mr. Leonard tells us say with unanimity that their art can't be taught! All of which seems to bring us to these conclusions:

Story writing must be learned somehow; we can't get around that no matter how much we'd like to. Story writing may even be taught providing the teacher be an amateur at the business, or be too busy to do more than toss off ex-cathedra advice, and provided, most especially, that he charge nothing for his services. Except at Bread Loaf again. The teachers there, I assume, in some way share the gross receipts (paid by poor people ninety-five percent of whom are being fooled). At Bread Loaf, however, I understand none of the teachers ever require any writing from any of their foolish pupils, whereas the first law of pedagogical psychology is that no one learns anything by listening to any number of talks or lectures; one learns only by doing under the supervision of earnest, competent, well-paid professional instructors.



"WELL, I SUPPOSE YOU DON'T KNOW ME FROM ADAM!"
(*Addenda to Literature—Number 1*)

Fifteen years spent, in college and out, studying the problems of writers on the make have taught me this: the only things that can be taught a creative writer are, in the order of importance, facts and figures about the publishing business, self-discovery (helping a writer to find his metier—which is often a painful shift from what you haven't got and like to what you have got and don't like) and literary technique (chiefly helping the student to see that technique is anything but "mechanical" as Mr. Leonard thinks).

Another thing I've learned: it will never be possible to train writers for their life work as they are trained in other arts and professions because it is impossible to demonstrate the dexterities learned in mastering this art as they can be demonstrated in all other arts and because of the sheer (and entirely understandable) egoism of successful authors who are unwilling publicly to share with anyone credit for their triumphs.

The ideas about literary learning held both by professional and amateur are based not on the commonly understood laws for learning anything but upon fairy tales about famous authors told in high school class rooms. Students planning literary careers don't want to learn; they want to be famous. . . .

THOMAS H. UZZELL.

New York City.

Mr. Leonard Replies

SIR:—When I undertook to "answer" Mr. Uzzell's letter, I did not realize what a tough job I had assumed. This is not because his criticisms are devastating, but because I cannot find any definite criticisms at all. Certainly none which have to do with my article as I wrote it.

Mr. Uzzell says that I advise young writers to scheme to get free advice out of professionals . . . the freeness being the criterion of value. I said nothing of the sort. I told them they should try to associate with people in the writing business. Friends and acquaintances are sources of intangible counsel which cannot be paid for in money. If you haven't got the required medium of exchange . . . personal qualities which make you interesting to other writers . . . you are forced to pay dollars and cents to a professional teacher. I persist in believing that you don't get much for your investment.

In addition Mr. Uzzell makes me seem to approve college writing-teachers in general. I do not. They vary, of course. Some are stimulating, intelligent men. Some are dry-as-dust or actually dumb. But they all have a quality which distinguishes them from the commercial writing teachers. They do not promise large financial rewards in order to attract students. I am certain that at Harvard at least no one ever took a composition course with the belief that he was getting definite vocational training which would assure him an easy living.

As for the Bread Loaf Conference, I did not approve it without qualification, as Mr. Uzzell implies. I know very little about it, but I have been told that it is a somewhat valuable substitute for literary associates acquired in other ways. That was all I said.

Mr. Uzzell states that I believe literary technique to be mechanical. I distinctly said that I consider mechanical teaching methods not only useless but actually harmful. Apparently Mr. Uzzell and I agree on this point. I don't see why he chose to reverse me.

J. N. LEONARD.

New York City.

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James Boyd

BY JULIAN R. MEADE

TO his readers James Boyd may be known as a distinguished novelist who indulges in fox hunting as an avocation, but in Southern Pines, North Carolina, people will tell you that Jim Boyd is a fox hunter who indulges in novel writing when he is not occupied with horses and hounds. To say that a man is primarily a novelist might make him seem a slightly different and especial sort of person—and Jim Boyd is just a mighty nice fellow who does not cherish his friends because they read his books. Of course, some citizens of Southern Pines do read his novels and, now and then, the town tries to think of its Master of Hounds as an important writer. A few days after the publication of "Roll River," when the window of the little book store in the town was displaying copies of his novel, James Boyd, the author, was asked to make a speech at the school house; but he carried a fox horn instead of a literary paper and the children, and probably the grown-ups, too, were relieved when he began to talk as familiarly as ever about horses and hunting.

Jim Boyd is a sociable man and he would hate to have anything isolate him from the life and people about him. When he was an army officer his men were keen about him: just before sailing the soldiers of his company staged a show which ridiculed the shortcomings of the men; Boyd was the only officer whose name was included and the jokes on him were greeted with cheers. He still hears from many of his men and, when he was in the hospital last year, a sergeant whom he "busted" in France for drinking came to see him bearing a large bottle which, much to the consternation of the hospital authorities, caused the inmate and his visitor to become mildly hilarious.

He keeps old friends and makes new ones. A few of his favorites are literary people; others are sportsmen, lawyers, doctors, and people unaware of the profession of letters. From his wide and varied circle of friends one learns a number of things about Jim Boyd besides the fact that he is a writer. When he isn't writing he reads innumerable histories, his interest being, as he says, "in history, not as history, but as life," and he reads books about railroads, mining, and hunting. He draws well, writes excellent comic verse, and hates games, with the notable exception of poker. He never winds his watch and is exasperatingly late except when he is correcting galleys or going on a hunt. He becomes intensely absorbed in whatever he is doing: when he hunts he is oblivious of everything but the hounds; and his brother, who whips in and tries vainly to attract his attention, swears that Jim is the only living huntsman who can neither hear, see, nor smell. In the midst of doing something he will become engrossed in something else and forget his companions, reappearing after an hour or two with a winning smile and the conviction that he has been gone only a very few minutes.

In spite of the severe sinus malady which has followed him relentlessly (which, since the publication of "Long Hunt," necessitated three operations and caused him to postpone "Roll River" for two years), Jim has boundless enthusiasm and energy. Almost every day he spends a good number of hours in dictating as he paces up and down his long study, writing novels, he avows, because he prefers it to other work and his Presbyterian training gave him the idea that "every man has got to do something." He has not been pressed by need of money; he has been enabled to write what he wanted to and, yet, he has been notably sympathetic toward young writers who must earn their bread by writing.

Jim Boyd is completely sincere in his democratic associations with many types of human beings. One cold winter's afternoon he and his wife went to the funeral of the wife of their Negro gardener. It was warm inside the little wooden church because of the closely packed congregation and because of the fine new chuck stove which smelled of pine knots and turpentine and occupied most of the aisle. Beside the stove there was a white coffin with nickel trimmings and scroll work—"like the cake for the Lord Mayor of London's Banquet," as Jim said. Everything was ready for the funeral but there was no sign of the preacher. After a long and awkward wait word was brought that the preacher's car had broken down and the Reverend had no way to reach the church in time for the burial. Then there was a conference between the deacon and the chief mourners. The deacon came forward and said, "We's gonna ask Mister Jim Boyd to say a few words in place of our preacher."

As Jim observed later, it would have been impossible to decline. So he arose and stood between the coffin and the stove. He began to speak simply and sincerely in honor of the deceased. "My brothers," he said, "we know not the time nor the hour—"

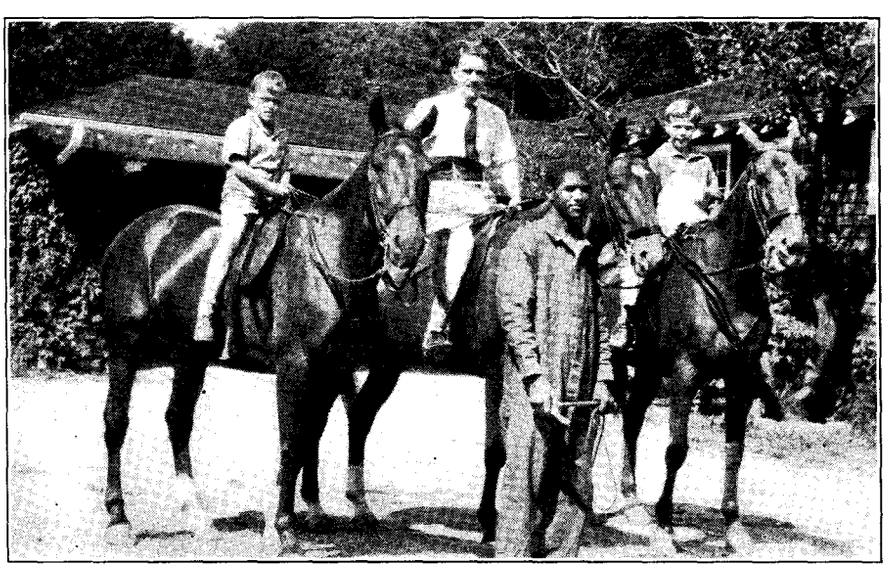
"Amen, Oh Lawd," cried the mourners.

"It comes to one—comes to all—"

"Yes, Lawd, too true, too true," chanted the mourners.

Well, the Negroes said that was the best funeral sermon they ever heard and doubtless it was; certainly they made a perfect audience, for the steady accompaniment of their moaning, like a Greek chorus, inspired Mister Jim Boyd to heights of eloquence which surprised no one more than himself—unless it was Katherine who felt that her husband had never spoken or written more forcefully. The tale is related here because it serves to illustrate the esteem a novelist with a partly Northern background has won in a Southern community. Jim Boyd has gained the friendship of Southerners of various walks of life. The only people he has professed to abhor are snobs, very large women, loud boosters, and American Legioners, and it is likely that he would have sympathy for individuals of any of these classes if he encountered them in trouble.

He would be the first to admit that he may have lived in a small community more placidly than many other writers because he has not been tempted to use the people around him as material. "Drums" is a novel of Revolutionary days; "Marching On" is an epic of the Confederacy which does not show the more distasteful fruits of its author's long research; "Long Hunt" is a picture of the pioneer period; "Roll River" is the tale of a Pennsylvania town from the eighties



JAMES BOYD, HIS TWO SONS, AND CICERO

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JAMES BOYD

through the World War; the book he is planning now will recreate a vanished era of the American West and will have among its characters the Indians whom Ellen Glasgow and other admirers of his work have been urging him to write about for such a long time.

Even in "Roll River" Jim relied little upon autobiography; the Midian of his novel is not unlike the Harrisburg of his boyhood but the story is entirely fictional except for a few minor characters and a few of the boyhood incidents. His characters are made up of the qualities of many different persons he has met; they are created unconsciously and seldom seem to be real portraits.

"The danger of autobiography in the guise of fiction," he says (and, when he speaks thus, one remembers that he knows as much about narrative technique as he knows about fox hunting, that he knows Jane Austen and Flaubert just as he knows great huntsmen and riders of history), "is that you are likely to sacrifice pattern for texture. While texture is more important, I believe it is best to have pattern, too. Personally, I could not write novels based closely upon autobiography and, particularly, I could not write about things that have happened to me recently. Because of lessened perspective, the significance of events becomes less and less clear to me as I approach the present. I suppose a writer like Tom Wolfe, whose work I admire greatly, avoids the dangers I am speaking of by taking longer to write about a year than he does to live it."

Even if he does not record his own experiences as unmistakably as some novelists do, it is not difficult for those who know him best to see Jim Boyd, the man, in James Boyd, the novelist. Both have the kind of optimism which comes from a complete lack of fear, both have a fundamental and genuine belief in the greatness of life and people, both have an irrepressible feeling for the varied adventures of living.

Julian R. Meade is about to publish a volume of sketches of persons and places, entitled "I Live in Virginia."

Born under a Rhyming Planet

ÆSCHYLUS. THE SEVEN AGAINST THEBES. Translated by Gilbert Murray. New York: Oxford University Press. 1935. $1.

Reviewed by EDITH HAMILTON

THE question to be answered before a translation can be appraised is what ought a translation to be. The answer is not easy.

I have read with great pleasure Professor Murray's translation of "The Seven Against Thebes." It is not only written with the exquisite taste and the sensitive feeling that mark all his work, it is also astonishingly spirited. The description of the Seven and the champions Thebes opposes to them is a stirring piece of writing, a very pæan of war. I am lost in surprise as well as admiration. Never would I have thought that Professor Murray could turn himself into a bard of such a martial lay. Indeed of all Greek tragedies I would have supposed this embattled drama the one least suited to his gifts. But now that I have read what he has done with it, I like it better than any other of his translations, even than his "Trojan Women," which has hitherto seemed to me his best. It is greatly superior to his "Agamemnon." The language is simpler and more direct; it is not so besprinkled with yea and lo and mayhap and the like, nor with the old *th* ending which appears continually in the Agamemnon, not always with the happiest result:

> There abideth in wrath reawoken—
> It plotteth, it haunteth the house, yea, it never forgetteth.

There is nothing like that in this version of the "Seven." It has vigor; it is often lively and sometimes warm and glowing. It is interesting from first to last. Of what other translation from the Greek can that be said?

And yet here the critic pauses. If this were Professor Murray's own work—but it is not. How is it to be judged as a translation? What ought a translation to be?

Few will say that it should be completely literal. Du Maurier showed once for all the perils which attend that ideal:

> Cassez-vous, cassez-vous, cassez-vous, sur vos froids gris cailloux, O mer.

"As faithful as it can, as free as it must," is a German critic's answer, but he leaves us to define for ourselves what is faithfulness, precisely the point the whole matter turns upon. Professor Murray would define it, I think, as first of all the quality by virtue of which a translation gets over the footlights. He would say that there could be no greater infidelity to Æschylus than to turn his play into something dull and dead. To make the reader bored by Greek tragedy would be to betray the cause he has so signally championed of saving Greek literature for an age that does not read Greek. Therefore, whenever the original seems to him calculated to put the reader off, he stops translating to rewrite. He anglicizes an idea as well as a phrase:

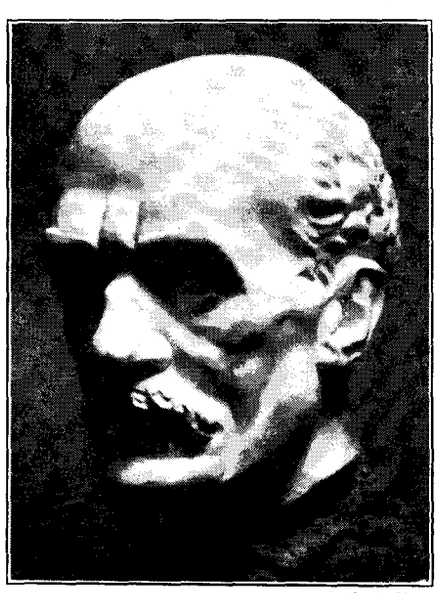
> God's anger passeth by the poor;
> Only the princes of the world
> Uprooted to the void are cast.

That familiar contrast between the righteous poor and the wicked rich does not come to us from the Greek, but from the English Bible. The Greeks never saw it that way. In the passage quoted, the first line is not in the original. Æschylus does not speak of the poor. Professor Murray adds the words to make the reader feel comfortably at home.

It is Æschylus's way only to suggest the emotional appeal in a situation. So when he writes of girls captured at the sack of a town, his words are sober and unemphatic: "Piteous for those of tender age plucked unripe, before the customary rite, to tread the hateful road away from home." But Professor Murray feels that he must make sure that the reader appreciates all the pathos:

> Weep, weep for the torn flower,
> The flower of maidenhood, the trodden grass
> Ravished before its hour.
> Away to a strange dwelling place they pass,
> Hating each step.

As this passage shows, the translation is rhymed throughout. Professor Murray was born under a rhyming planet. Tennyson and Swinburne were the masters of his youth. Small wonder that he learned to love rhyme. But odd things do happen to the rhyming translator. Professor Murray makes Eteocles say, "An ever-sleepless pilot, hand on oar," the reason for



F. A. Bailey

GILBERT MURRAY

Portrait bust by Sava Botzaris

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this unnautical statement being that "oar" is to rhyme with "therefor." Æschylus never turned his pilot into an oarsman. He wrote "rudder." Such carping criticism apart, one cannot escape the fact that if one must rhyme as well as translate, some attention must be diverted from the translation. But Professor Murray is thinking only of commending Æschylus to the reader by what he elsewhere calls the rhyme's ringing quality.

The rich rhyming speech of the great Victorian poets is always in his ears. It makes him fear that Antigone will sound bald and unbeautiful to English readers when Æschylus makes her say:

> No one shall ever thus decree for me.
> I am a woman and yet will I make
> A grave, a burying, for him—
> Carry the earth in my cloak's linen fold
> With my own hands to cover him.

The swift words are turned into smooth-flowing rhyming couplets:

> Let none believe it! I myself will lay
> His limbs in earth, and, woman though I be,
> Heap o'er him the grave's covering canopy.
> Aye, though I find but what these hands can hold
> Of earth within my mantle's linen fold.

Few translators are long-lived. It has been truly said that the translations of former generations are from a dead language into a dead language. We need some one to do for us today what Professor Murray once did with such notable success. He made Greek live for his contemporaries. But another idiom is needed now for that miracle. Only let the new translator take to heart the words of another true Grecian, Gildersleeve, that a translation can be only an etching of a great painting, "and, in the Muses' name, do not color an etching."

Edith Hamilton, author of "The Greek Way," has translated the "Agamemnon" and "Prometheus" of Aeschylus, and "The Trojan Women" of Euripides, the last commissioned by the Theatre Guild.

Heat Lightning on the Left

REDDER THAN THE ROSE. By Robert Forsythe. New York: Covici-Friede. 1935. $2.

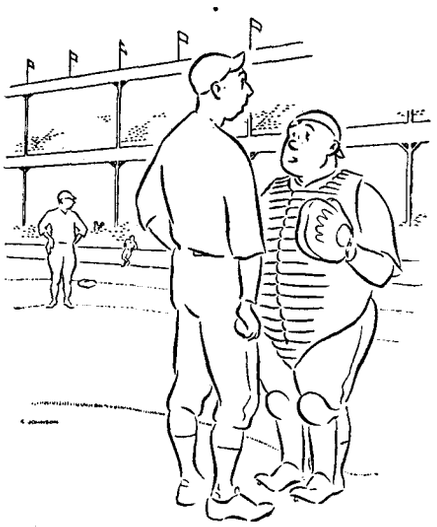
Reviewed by WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT

I HAD better list immediately what I don't like in this book by a new satirist of the Left. First, why doesn't he write under his own name, if he's such an Admirable Crichton? It is more important that a convinced Communist write under his own name than that a convinced Republican or Democrat do the same thing. Otherwise there is a suspicion that one is running with the hare and hunting with the hounds.

One finds out quickly enough the people Mr. Forsythe dislikes. Sometimes they are people almost everybody dislikes, like William Randolph Hearst; sometimes they are considerable human beings, like Henry L. Mencken; sometimes they are old Aunt Sallies and tarbabies or people toward whom Mr. Forsythe wishes to prove himself superior (since you can be just as much of a snob, if you are a radical, as you can if you are a conservative); and sometimes this writer's satire is entirely justified, and his suppressed rage admirable. Also he can write cleverly and often be amusing.

He doesn't convince me that communism is the best way out of a bad mess; but his attitude is simply, toward all his readers who may not agree with him, "Of course, you're an idiot, but some day you may see the light!" Nor is such an attitude anything new. It has been Bernard Shaw's for a lifetime.

He takes a good poke at the English, as Shaw has done so continuously. He is jocular about the Roosevelts—and somehow seems just a trifle less bright and dapper for being so. He finds a lot more



"SOMEHOW I DON'T FEEL THAT ALL THE EYES OF THE NATION IS ON US THIS SEASON."—*Drawing by Crockett Johnson, from "Redder than the Rose."*

significance in Mae West than most of us would be inclined to grant her. *Ex cathedra* pronouncements are frequent stumbling-blocks for his alertly stepping prose. In "Speak to Me of Love" he makes two statements that do not endear him to me. Audiences that come in late have caused me to gnash my teeth quite as much as Mr. Forsythe could ever have gnashed his, but when he says, "My only pleasure was in kicking a gentleman as he went by and accepting his apology for his clumsiness," I am quite on the side of the gentleman. It doesn't make me burst into a loud guffaw. Then he tells us that Mlle. Boyer comes of a poor family but is at no pains "to disguise the fact of her lowly origin." Neither are a great many of our movie stars. So what? "There is every indication that she views her admirers among the socially favored with something less than reverence." That last should count a mite for Mlle. Boyer when the Revolution comes!

You see, there is a little too much of the eternal Puritan about Mr. Forsythe to please me altogether. You may not find it so. After all, this country, in spite of being (in my opinion) a swell one, is also one of the most preposterous lands in the world, full of plenty of horrors as well as plenty of excellences. I am all for a wide distribution of Mr. Forsythe's book, just as I am for all books of American self-criticism. If the American people developed their sense of humor enough and got mad enough they could do a tremendous lot without any revolution at all. There is nothing funny about Mr. Forsythe's championship of the oppressed. It does him infinite credit. And plenty of things happen constantly in the length and breadth of our dear land of which we should, as a nation, be heartily ashamed. At some of these things this author takes a swipe; and he's no fool.

There you have my *pro* and *con* on "Redder Than the Rose," which, by the way, strikes me as a most amusing title.

"MR. PIXLEY IS OUR VERY FOREMOST AUTHORITY ON SOCIALISM, MUSTEISM, LOVESTONEISM, AND MICKEY MOUSE."
Drawing by Gardner Rea, from "Redder than the Rose."

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The Bowling Green by Christopher Morley

Picking Up Corn

THE BIG TOWN: New York Day by Day. By O. O. McIntyre. New York: Dodd, Mead & Company. 1935. $1.25.

WHEN I'm low in mind, or feel any sort of spiritual ullage, I have an unfailing consolation. At any rate, I say to myself, O. O. McIntyre likes my stuff. And How. He's often astonished his many readers by the warmth of his compliments to me in his newspaper column ("New York Day by Day," in the New York *American* and syndicated in many other papers). And I daresay I never should have been so unmannerly as to mention the matter or seem ungrateful to my most appreciative client except that Odd has now collected a lot of his columns into a book. My unsuspecting colleague Mr. William Rose Benét gave it a handsome blessing in this Review on June 15. "Put this book in your bag when you're going away for the summer," said W. R. B. "He has developed considerable nimbleness in phraseology."

No; the thing to put in your bag if you want to get Odd McIntyre's stuff before he writes it would be the poor old Bowling Green itself. I don't want to seem selfish if Mr. McIntyre needs to divot the Green now and then for his newspaper syndicate; I've run a daily column myself and I know it's a tough job. But when he gets into the bookshops then I feel a certain sense of trade honor involved. I take books fairly seriously and like to see others do so. Who steals my purse—you know the old line. And "phraseology" happens to be my profession.

Even so I would be indolently and placably amused, and remain silent, if Mr. McIntyre didn't make such talk in his book about the value of candor and frankness. All right, let's be frank. I work hard over my stuff, and if people are going to read it I'd prefer them to get in the SATURDAY REVIEW (or my books) under my own name than in the Hearst papers under his.

About fifteen years ago, when the Bowling Green was a part of the reputable old New York *Evening Post,* an out of town reader sent me a little story clipped from a hinterland paper. It had been lifted (almost without change) from my column and transplanted into the then just beginning McIntyre syndicate. It was a description of a somewhat flamboyant horse-enthusiast seen on the way to Belmont Park. I reprinted the two pieces in parallel columns, under the caption *We Must Both Have Seen The Same Man.* Shortly afterward I received a letter of apology from Mr. McIntyre, saying that it was a regrettable error on the part of his secretary.

But sometimes I've wondered whether he hasn't still got the same secretary.

I don't see the New York *American* regularly, but I can't resist picking it up now and then in train or subway just for the fun of seeing what little notion of mine O. O. has taken a fancy to. For a while I pasted them on slips of paper, checking them up with their sources; but it was a nuisance to have to hunt through my old stuff in search of some half-remembered phrase. And whenever I felt my bile beginning to rise there would appear some remark in O. O.'s column as to what a remarkable writer I am. To which sort of hush-compliment I'm pococurante. (A useful word, Odd.)

Let's try parallel columns:

"THE BIG TOWN" (1935)	"JOHN MISTLETOE" (1931)
P. 13:—Chirping like an insect obbligato on a summer night.	P. 110:—That extraordinary insect obbligato of summer nights.
P. 25:—There is a specious legend that wine, no matter how long casked, remains always en rapport with its native vineyard. When vineyards flower each year, the barreled vintage fumes and bubbles. A chemical heredity.	P. 440:—After a wine has been barrelled it is still en rapport with the vineyard. When next year's flowering comes on the vines, the liquid in the cask stirs and fumes and scintillates by some chemical heredity.
P. 41:—T. E. Powers's dove of peace eggs in Bryan's hair.	P. 173:—the cartoon of Mr. Bryan with the Dove of Peace's eggs nested in the upward-curling thatch of his back hair.
P. 59:—No opiate is so deadening as memory . . . the despair of anxious thought.	P. 39:—A sweet and dangerous opiate is Memory . . . the bliss of anxious thought.
P. 61:—floating for an instant in the public eye like a smoke ring and sifting apart.	P. 39:—floats an instant in the mind like a smoke-ring, then spreads and thins and sifts apart.
P. 79:—an old silver-shingled barn, lilac-bowered cottage. . . .	P. 276: — the lilac still grows; the old silvered shingles on barn and outhouses. . . .
P. 79:—Off in the car for a green escapade.	P. 404:—A green escapade from town.
P. 75:—that I kept so many balls in the air at the same time seemed incredible . . . dispersing vitality . . . writing demands singleness of purpose . . . the late Joyce Kilmer wrote vicariously and feverishly until he went to war. . . .	P. 165:—Joyce Kilmer having set the record for keeping innumerable balls in air at once. . . . Kilmer fled from it into the lurid single-mindedness of War.
P. 118:—Merrick's Conrad in Quest of his Youth felt antiquated at 37.	P. 350:—Leonard Merrick's *Conrad in Quest of His Youth* . . . his hero who thought himself so elderly was actually 37.
P. 136: — The late red-haired Steve O'Grady. . . . Immediately he wrote the editor: "Herewith my resignation to take effect the day before yesterday."	P. 214:—Steve wrote . . . "Herewith my resignation to take effect day before yesterday."
P. 138:—A star danced and under it Betzi Beaton was born.	P. 358:—[re Shakespeare!] There was a star danced and under that was he born.
P. 191:—The Irving Berlins seemed especially animated. Maybe a new song theme blowing across the latitudes.	P. 121:—rumors of a new poetry blowing across the latitudes.

There are more, that I haven't taken the trouble to run down. But there are other books besides *Mistletoe* that Mr. McIntyre occasionally reads.

"THE BIG TOWN"	EX LIBRIS
P. 126:—Thoughts while strolling: Those windows of cashew nuts make a fellow want to sneeze.	*Human Being,* p. 65:—cashew nuts—a name that made his nose tickle.
P. 67:—I used to go to that corner and bestow an affectionate self-approval.	Ibid, p. 2:—that tone of affectionate approval which does us so much good when self-administered.
P. 134:—Thoughts while strolling: Paradoxical name for a bank—The Midland Marine.	*Mandarin in Manhattan,* p. 83:—The Midland Marine Bank (surely a paradox).

(*Continued on next page*)

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P. 128:—I think especially of those bonfires of red at the foot of every cross street at sundown. . . . I know many sunset lovers—George Gershwin, Charles M. Schwab, Doris Kenyon, Tom Mix and others whose names at the moment are fugitive.	*Where the Blue Begins*, p. 73:—At the foot of every crosstown street is a bonfire of sunset.
P. 39:—I quite naturally became beclotted, bedazzled and indeed often bedrunken.	*Shandygaff*, p. 320:—beclotted, bedazzled, and bedrunken with syllables.
P. 11:—A sparkle of Æsopian brevity.	*Shandygaff*, p. 276:—Sparkle of whim and Æsopian brevity.

I've got interested in this; I think I must quote a few of my favorites culled from O. O.'s newspaper column in the past couple of years. I didn't always note the dates, but I keep them pasted up under O. O.'s "by-line" for moments of despodency.

"New York Day by Day"	Ex Libris
A dead moth always reminds me of a little sailing sloop!	*Mistletoe*, p. 281:—A dead moth lay there foundered like a little brown-sailed sloop.
A new love that has that tender glow of a child's forehead near the hair.	*Mistletoe*, p. 264:—The tender glow of a child's clear forehead near the hair.
Most speakeasy raids, as a wag puts it, are merely tilting ginmills.	*Human Being*, p. 80:—Don Quixotes of the revenue service go tilting at ginmills.
An unsung philosopher once chronicled: "An oyster stew, a glass of light beer and a corncob pipe will keep eyes blue to any weather."	*Travels in Philadelphia*, p. 192:—An oyster stew, a glass of light beer and a corncob pipe will keep your blue eyes blue to any weather.
De Quincey must have had fun writing his stuff.	*Mistletoe*, p. 344:—Did you ever stop to think what fun De Quincey must have had?
The criticism I have enjoyed most of my writings, and I think the best, is: "Its virtue is its unashamed littleness."	*Mistletoe*, p. 157:—Such trifling memories . . . their only virtue is their unashamed littleness.
Who remembers Moretti's 50-cent dinners, vin compris?	*Mistletoe*, p. 124:—The Old Reliable Moretti Dinner was 50 cents, *vin compris*.
One of the finest characters I know for years played Nana, the dog nurse in Peter Pan.	*Mistletoe*, p. 239:—The actor who for many years played Nana, the dog-nurse in Peter Pan, running a lunch room on Vesey Street.
Who was it called the glare of Broadway's witch fires of illusion?	[Who indeed?] *Mistletoe*, p. 124:—the high amazing city blossoming its witch-fires of illusion.
The world will come to an end around five o'clock in the afternoon.	*Mistletoe*, p. 283:—The world will come to an end (if ever) at about 3.15 some August afternoon.
"Her pen," cooed an admirer, "is a feather." Another added: "A feather wafted by zephyrs." It was too swift for me. . . .	*Mistletoe*, p. 68:—A pen is not a jade in harness but a feather lifted on the wind.
Watch my fingers fly over the keyboard like a hen pecking up corn.	*Mistletoe*, p. 229:—Her hand flying merrily over the keys like a white hen picking up corn.

That last one is really priceless; I think it gives us a good title for this little study in Comparative Literature. McIntyre "must have had fun writing his stuff." Fortunately *John Mistletoe* isn't a book that has had very large sale, but it has certainly been widely read; given the O. O.—I commend to my collaborator a line on p. 386 which perhaps he hasn't used:—

"We are not here to second the significances of others but to discover significances of our own."

The sad part of it is that Odd will think this good-humored memorandum very cruel, ungrateful, and ornery. And his millions (literally millions) of readers will miss from now on occasional bits they might innocently enjoy . . . unless of course they should subscribe to the *Saturday Review*.

It really *does* seem to be an "insect obbligato" (v. supra.). Just to be double-certain this wasn't all a nightmare, after sending the preceding to the printer I bought the *American* two days running. On Saturday June 22 Odd alluded to the same passage in the Koran which I mentioned on p. 282 of *Mistletoe*. On Sunday June 23 he quoted the identical passage from Herrick which I quoted on p. 252 of *Shandygaff*.

P. S. It just occurred to me to look up Odd in *Who's Who*. It says "educated at Bartlett's College, Cincinnati." The college of quotations?

Culture in a Democracy

(*Continued from page 4*)

ture means necessarily its vulgarization, as in Oliver Herford's remarks about the Waldorf-Astoria which "has brought exclusiveness to the masses." The radio, the movies, and commercial art are cited as instances of what mass production in "culture" or mass participation in it may hope for. Despite all the talk of revolutionary art among intellectuals, we are asked to note the banality of the arts which satisfy the common man.

The standards of mass culture in a society where amusements, like anything else, are business enterprise, hardly constitute a fair test of what tastes a democracy might rise to. The values current in a commonwealth where democratization of cultural opportunities is still rather a hope than an achievement, are not to be taken as indices of what its future tastes may be. The good is not simply the enemy of the best; it is the enemy of the bad. When leisure ceases to be a monopoly of an accidentally fortunate few, values of the humane tradition will be, in no invidious sense, commonplace. Even on the radio and in America, commercial broadcasting has been gradually driven to provide a certain minimum of creditable music. Eight thousand people *stand* through a whole free concert at the Museum of Art in New York. And the Scandinavian countries have long demonstrated through their well organized folk high schools and adult education how high a level of general humanistic interest may be attained and enjoyed where the stimulus and the opportunity are given. Russia offers an even more emphatic example.

Nor does the general broadening of opportunity and diffusion of music and art and letters mean their inevitable cheapening. One of the functions of the professional intellectual and artistic classes in a democratic society is to maintain a sense of responsibility in "popularization." In America, and largely as an incident to the high pressure salesmanship carried over from other fields, "popularization" has been vulgarization. Authors and publishers have tried to market "philosophy" by leaving out its philosophical essence and its difficulties; science has been vended with the spirit of science utterly erased. There is another tradition of popular culture, of which France and England have been notable instances. The responsible manual, the repertory theatre, the cheap but not cheaply edited reprint, the societies of musical amateurs, the workingmen's colleges—these are all examples of the instrumentalities through which culture may come genuinely to live in a commonwealth.

Nor on the creative side is there much reason to believe that talent is doomed in a democracy. If it be insisted that in the past much of our culture was the creation of social aristocrats, there are two points

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that the tory friends of sweetness and light fail to observe. Not all the members of the leisure class contributed to our patrimony. And there is certainly no way of telling how much possible talent was crushed or distorted among those who knew no education or even literacy.

Our own country long ago committed itself to a public support of elementary education. It is not inconceivable that in an increasingly social minded community, originative talent will be treated with the same care and concern as any other natural resource. In certain South American countries to this day, a poet is a social possession to the community. That might be possible even "on this distant northern sea." Not simply the diffusion but the sustaining of creation might come to be the business of a democratic commonwealth. The research laboratories of purely commercial companies encourage their scientists to experiment for years on the chance that something useful may come of it. Democracies might give the creative artist something like the same opportunity and scope.

For it must be remembered that to speak of the future of the humane tradition does not mean to speak solely of the future of the past. A society in which leisure was not a special class privilege but a common and assured social fact would continue our culture by providing conditions which would generate fresh expressions of the finesse and dignity of the spirit of man. These expressions would indeed need to be fresh. For the novelties of our situation, practically, socially, intellectually, are many. They are so varied and overwhelming that the imagination has been unable as yet really to absorb them. It has tended to live almost exclusively off the symbols of the past instead of creating in addition symbols of its own contemporary awareness.

There are certainly two major themes that yet remain to be made articulate, in forms as well as in formulas, images moving and immediate rather than in theories intellectually convincing but emotionally remote or dead. These are the conceptions of a genuinely collective life and of scientific method. Both are relatively so new in the modern world that they both remain in the realm of external knowledge or moral ideology. They both need to be translated into the language of feeling or of aspiration.

There are signs that poets and novelists, philosophers and painters and musicians are beginning to feel the impact of the new currents of experience. The work of Auden and Spender and C. Day Lewis in England and, among others, of Horace Gregory and Archibald MacLeish in this country, are instances of the way in which current social and political themes and the prospect of a new and different society, have animated, even liberated the imaginations of contemporary poets. Nor does the fact that all these poets avail themselves of the discipline and imagery of older literary traditions impair the point here made. New wine is being poured, for the moment, into old bottles. But even the bottles are beginning to change. All these poets are experimenting in technique as well as adventuring in ideas and emotions.

Among the novelists one has but to cite the work of Jules Romains. What is his "Men of Good Will" but an attempt to paint on a grand and yet minutely detailed canvas the picture of a whole profoundly interrelated scheme of human relationships and inevitably inter-involved human beings? The young workingman, the lady of fashion, the boy rolling his hoop on the streets of Paris, the cabinet minister, the bookseller, the banker—one cannot go very far in Romains's great work without feeling one is meeting there a craft and imagination trying, nearly always with vividness and success, to give the story of casual individuals but of lives causally intertwined in the "great society," as Graham Wallas called it, of communication, of economic and social interplay of our time.

But Jules Romains is by no means the only one. His compatriot, André Malraux, is perhaps an even more striking illustration. For in "Man's Fate" that powerful writer has given at once the story of a revolution and the story of man's way of meeting the absolute alternatives of destiny. It is not simply a vivid portrait of a group of Chinese revolutionaries but the story translated into terms of contemporary experience, of life caught between the pressure of its immediate instincts and its domination by some greater and deeper impulse, the living and the dying, even the need to live and to die in the light of an ideal. That theme has been canvassed before, but the terms in which it is here canvassed mark it as of our day.

It is perhaps more indirectly that musicians and painters voice the changes of the creative climate. There are some, who like Diego Rivera, frankly take as their subject matter, a coming commonwealth of the workers of the world. But in painting and in music especially, it is harder to divide form and substance. And the changes in the plastic arts and in music are first and more obviously changes in form. But changes in form are themselves clearly determined by transformations in the general way of approaching and conceiving the world. The movement toward simple and abstract forms in painting, the attempts in music to find modes free from the romantic and traditional associations of nineteenth century music—these in however circuitous a way are the correlates in the fine arts of that clipped, clear, geometric way of approaching experience which the modern scientific viewpoint has gradually made pervasive in our epoch.

All these explorations and translations of new moods and tempers are as yet sporadic, tentative, and not always successful. It took a thousand years for the medieval view of the world to generate a Dante. The world of science, the vision of a generous and coöperative commonwealth are both very young. It is too early yet to expect a major and comprehensive work to gather up the threads of those new ideas and impulses which at present at once stimulate and confuse us. But in the cycles of time some new Lucretius may be born, and the last and summary word on human finalities has not been spoken. There is no reason why there should not arise some spokesman of the human spirit who will be able to speak to us intimately in the language and out of the problems of our own day, and yet to unborn generations of men, in forms fated to be forever familiar and inviting, of how the human spirit at this juncture of time and perspective of events faced ultimate things.

The foregoing article was delivered in substance as a Phi Beta Kappa address at Columbia University.

The Criminal Record

The Saturday Review's Guide to Detective Fiction

Title and Author	*Crime, Place, Sleuth*	*Summing Up*	*Verdict*
MR. PINKERTON GROWS A BEARD *David Frome* (Farrar & Rinehart: $2)	Hirsute adornments immediately plunge timid Mr. Pinkerton into maelstrom of murder and intrigue—Insp. Bull rescuing, as usual.	With British Museum and society old-cloes shop as settings, plenty puzzlement, thrills, and humor, this one fairly glows!	Unsurpassed
SHE STANDS ACCUSED *Victor MacClure* (Lippincott: $2.50)	Six factual cases of lurid ladies who slew and slew and slew.	A grisly book of murderesses. For those who find the horrible truth about killing more fascinating than fiction.	Shuddery
CORNISH OF SCOTLAND YARD *G. W. Cornish* (Macmillan: $2.)	Ex-Supt. of Yard tells about high-spots in 38 years of chasing criminals of all kinds.	Names of cases alone make fiction look pale, and matter-of-fact telling out-thrills most novels.	Great stuff!

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Primitive Ideals for Men and Women

SEX AND TEMPERAMENT IN THREE PRIMITIVE SOCIETIES. By Margaret Mead. New York: William Morrow & Company. 1935. $3.

Reviewed by HORTENSE POWDERMAKER

DR. MEAD studied three tribes in New Guinea over a period of two years and took as her problem, "to discover to what degree temperamental differences between the sexes were innate and to what degree they were culturally determined, and furthermore to inquire minutely into the educational mechanisms connected with these differences." Among the Arapesh and the Mundugumor, she finds that no distinction is made between male and female temperament and that the Arapesh have taken as their ideal for both sexes one who is gentle, responsive, coöperative and "parental"; while among the Mundugumor the ideal for both man and woman is a violent, competitive, aggressively sexed, jealous, and fighting type. The Tchambuli have a different ideal for men and women: "the woman, the dominant, impersonal, managing partner, the man the less responsible and the emotionally dependent person." The author concludes from these studies that the personalities of the two sexes can be and are socially produced and that behavior which has been traditionally regarded as sex-linked cannot therefore be so regarded. There are also comparisons with our society and an attempt in the last chapter to solve the problem for our culture.

Among anthropologists and many social scientists this concept of the cultural relativity of human behavior has been accepted for at least half a century. That men and women follow roles culturally assigned to them is not a new idea even to the intelligent layman, since the success of women in occupations hitherto closed to them has more or less forced the acceptance of this idea. But are there not any universal differences between men and women? This question, Dr. Mead, in her introduction, says that she will not discuss. But it seems to this reviewer to be impossible to study realistically any problems concerning sex and temperament without recognizing the biological differences between the sexes, and their psychological concomitants. When, in this book, there is a recognition of any difference, the fundamental difference is elided. Referring to our society, the author writes, "The most conspicuous actual difference between the sexes, the difference in strength, is progressively less significant." But would even the most militant feminist have overlooked genital differences, and could anyone with psychiatric knowledge or insight deny the implications of these differences in a discussion of problems concerning sex and temperament?

The material on the early conditioning of the child in these primitive societies, particularly the description for the Arapesh which is done in the most detail, is very valuable. The study of the influences that mould personality in childhood is of real significance in trying to understand how an individual takes on his cultural role, and is a subject which up to very recently has been almost completely neglected by those studying primitive societies. Here, the author seems to be on much surer psychological ground than when she is discussing sex differences.

Hortense Powdermaker is a member of the Institute of Human Relations, Yale University, and the author of "Life in Lesu."

MARGARET MEAD

Human Morality

THE TWO SOURCES OF MORALITY AND RELIGION. By Henri Bergson. New York: Henry Holt & Co. 1935. $3.

MORE than twenty years have passed since Bergson was the sensation of the hour, the philosopher of evolution and intuition, the anti-intellectualist, who was the inspiration of syndicalist reformers, and stream of consciousness writers, and romanticists generally. After the interruption of the war and years of ill-health, M. Bergson finally published his long awaited capstone to his system three years ago, and now we have it in English. The two sources referred to in his title are the two tendencies in human nature, that towards fixity, social stability, and conformity, out of which arises the sense of obligation, and that towards breaking all bonds, creating a new world and an open future, the inspirations of creative genius.

M. Bergson's new book will be best understood by those who have read his older ones, if only the little masterpiece on "Laughter." But the new one is full of incidental ideas and insights. It reads rather better backwards than forwards, beginning with the suggestive last chapter. The method is not so much systematic development as a sort of rondo, a main theme with digressions. The translators have done well with the separate sentences, though the style reads a bit heavier in English. But they might have done something with paragraphs that run thirteen pages long, and by breaking up the long chapters with subheads they might have helped the reader to tell how far the current digression was off the main line.

Notes from the Foreign Magazines

By ROY TEMPLE HOUSE

A COMPARISON of the reading of the average American with that of the average West European would no doubt reveal various differences of which this writer has no suspicion, but it would certainly show once more that the American is strong for patronizing home industry. We are not a nation of linguists, so that books and periodicals in foreign languages have little meaning for the majority of us. Even translations are not often well received among us, and periodicals which concern themselves with foreign culture have never secured a large public here. An American counterpart of the *Revue Anglo-Américaine* (Paris) is unthinkable, and yet that sympathetic monthly interpreter of English and American literature to France has made its appearance regularly for a dozen years, and to a thoughtful fraction of the French reading public it has become indispensable. The directors, Professors Cazamian and Cestre of the Sorbonne, are specialists in English and American literature respectively, and their studies of the significant contemporary writers in English are quite as well informed as those emanating from English-language critics and no doubt often freer from prejudice. In the April issue, Professor Cestre makes the appearance of a French translation of Ludwig Lewisohn's "Expression in America" the occasion for an extremely cordial appraisal of this "great philosophical history of American literature," than which he is convinced that the French reader will find "nothing more complete or better ordered, more penetrating or judicious, more personal or suggestive, on American literature." Characterized in M. Cestre's skilful and friendly fashion, the book comes before readers of the *Revue Anglo-Américaine* under the most favorable auspices; yet the critic's cordial approval is not mere rubber-stamping. He knows these independent and opinionated contemporary American writers almost or quite as well as Mr. Lewisohn does, he has his own ideas about them, and he could, if he chose, write a stimulating book about them himself.

A foreign writer who once or twice broke through the barriers of American indifference to the outside world and sold in this country at fantastic figures was the late Valencian novelist Blasco Ibáñez. Neither the Spaniards nor the Spanish Americans have in general the knack of concocting the type of fiction which pleases the American palate, and the tremendous vogue of Blasco Ibáñez in this and other non-Spanish-speaking countries had in it an element of mystery. His international popularity was short-lived, but at least one of his books enjoyed a much larger sale in translation than in the Spanish original, and his native country and more particularly his native province are now consumingly proud of him. He died in 1928 in Mentone, France, being at that time in fierce opposition to the government of Primo de Rivera, and was buried in the Mentone cemetery. After the establishment of the Spanish republic, his

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body was brought by water to Valencia, amid general enthusiasm, and for some time there was animated discussion as to what spot in his home city should know the honor of holding his remains. There were eager partisans of this park and that, but champions of the spacious and pleasant municipal cemetery finally won the day. *Mundo Gráfico* (Madrid) for February 6 reproduces drawings of plans for a mausoleum which have been competitively submitted, and it appears from these that the verbose and violent creator of "Blood and Sand" and "The Four Horsemen" will be housed in his death as few even of the world's greatest have been.

Blasco Ibáñez's immortal fellow countryman Cervantes raises the batting average of Spanish authors by virtue of the fact that "Don Quixote" is at least currently supposed to have been for a long period more widely read than any other book in the world except the Bible. The French Hispanist Jean Cassou, whose article "Les Nocturnes de Cervantes" appeared in *La Revue de Paris* for March 15, has decided that the biography of the Ingenious Hidalgo is little read nowadays outside of Spain; but even if that is true his name is still spoken and written, in and out of Spain, as often as that of any other literary personality with the possible exceptions (and even these are doubtful) of Goethe and Shakespeare. The special contribution of Cassou's article is his reminder of the large part which the night plays in "Don Quixote" and "Persiles and Sigismunda." The discussion with the goat-herds, the enchantment in the inn, the prayer to the moon in the court of the same caravansery, the discovery of the dead body with the torches, the terrible experience with the fulling-mill, the pleasantry of the Dukes, the funeral of Alisidoro—these ghostly matters and a hundred others happen in the night; so many of them, in fact, that M. Cassou is reminded of that "wounded soul" Novalis, and of his "sacred, inexpressible and mysterious night." It is at night that man feels his loneliness, and no man was ever more alone than Cervantes.

André Maurois is running in *La Revue Hebdomadaire* a fascinating study of Joseph Conrad. In the first instalment (April 6) he quotes Paul Valéry's testimony that the author of "The Nigger of the Narcissus" spoke French with a good Provençal accent, but that his English accent was horrible. This is all entirely natural, since the young Pole spent his youth in Marseilles and knew no English till he was a grown man.

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 65)

VACHEL LINDSAY—
"THE EMPTY BOATS"

Each soul is haunted by a ship in
which that soul might ride
And climb the glorious mysteries
of Heaven's silent tide
In voyages that change the very
metes and bounds of Fate—
O empty boats, we all refuse, that
by our windows wait!

by W. E. B. DU BOIS

BLACK RECONSTRUCTION

"Comparable in clarity and originality with 'The Rise of American Civilization' of the Beards."

—HARRY HANSEN, N. Y. WORLD-TELEGRAM.

DR. DU BOIS, who has long held an unusual position in the world of letters and scholarship, has for almost as many years been gathering material for this re-examination of the reconstruction period following the Civil War. Finding no evidence to support the views of conventional historians, he boldly establishes his own version of Reconstruction. It is the only book so far that tells of those bitterly partisan events from the point of view of the Negro, and it displays a combination of judgment and research which make it a signal contribution to the writing of American history.

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"No one can consider himself informed on all phases of the Negro problem unless he has read this book. . . . It crowns the long, unselfish, studious and brilliant career of Dr. Du Bois and will carry his name down to other generations of American historians."—*N. Y. World-Telegram.*

"It is a book of magnificent controversy, brilliant, bitter . . . but it is also a book of history—a solid history of the period, an economic treatise, a philosophical discussion . . . a poem, a work of art all rolled into one."—*Henry Raymond Mussey, N. Y. Herald Tribune.*

746 Pages, $4.50

HARCOURT, BRACE & CO., 383 MADISON AVE., N. Y.

SPEAKING OF PRICE-FIXING

BOOKSELLERS will be glad to know that the new display units for *The Saturday Review* will be ready July 8th, and that the price has been fixed at 75 cents per unit, postpaid—considerably less than cost. Made of metal, finished in three colors, the display will sell the new books and copies of the SRL. Orders should be sent to: Bookstore Department, The Saturday Review, 25 West 45th St., New York City.

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The PHŒNIX NEST

CONTEMPORARY POETRY: BY WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT

ONE of the most attractively bound and printed books of poems I have seen came to me late last year, and should have received a review before this. The author is *Hugh J. Chisholm, Jr.*, the title is "This Casual Glory," the book is done by the Ashlar Press. It is for sale at a few bookstores, but I have not the address of the Ashlar Press, though, if you are interested, Mr. Chisholm's is 1203 Yale Station, New Haven, Connecticut. Or you may communicate with the Walpole Printing Office at New Rochelle, which printed one hundred copies of the book for the author's twenty-first birthday. I cannot say that the work is yet important. It is, as yet, to borrow a line from this poet, more or less "the whispers of a nebulous world," but the sonnets at the beginning show graceful ease and the flexible other poems indicate more originality to come.

The Macmillans in Canada bring to my attention "A Dryad in Nanaimo" (as originally published in 1931), together with eleven new poems. The author is *Audrey Alexandra Brown*. This is a new and enlarged edition of her work. She is in her thirty-first year and was born in Nanaimo, British Columbia. She has long fought ill-health. Her "Laodamia" has been particularly praised. Her work has been compared to that of the Canadian poet, *Marjorie Pickthall*, work that I once much admired. I do not think that Miss Brown possesses the original touch of Miss Pickthall. She has learned well of the elder English poets, and yet one hears echoes through much of her verse, well-cadenced and stately-phrased as it is; echoes of Keats, of Matthew Arnold, of others. Of the long poems "Nadya Cyrilovna in Paradise" most genuinely moved me, of the briefer ballads, because it concerned real people, "The Browns." In the time of the Preraphaelites this poetry would probably have been hailed as first-rate. Heaven knows, I am the last person to object to poets dealing with legend; but they must bring to it a treatment more wholly their own than I think Miss Brown has achieved. She is obviously a highly cultivated and literary person, with narrative ability and command over rhyme and metre, and her work will afford pleasure to those who dwell among the classics. But to me it lacks the touch, for the most part, that makes verse speak with a living voice from the page.

Speaking of classical matters, *B. Cyril Windeler* presents us with "King Minos of Knossos," published by the Oxford University Press. It is poetic drama with the regular Argument prefixed, and with a certain esoteric significance. It has some beauty and some drama, and is remote and of the library. It seems to me cadenced prose in a good many places. Once there was a poetic drama called "Atalanta in Calydon" that held one newcomer to it breathless till the last line was read, "and a noise as the noise of loud waters swept far through the flight of the fires, and mixed with the lightning of slaughters a thunder of lyres" (to steal from another poem by the same poet). But that, my new masters, was a long time ago!

Here is a large volume, a weighty volume, "Moods, Philosophical and Emotional, Cadenced and Declaimed," by the novelist *Theodore Dreiser*, from Simon and Schuster. The contents is in part from an earlier volume. There are, as the publishers say, "250 prose poems of varying lengths," with an introduction to them by *Sulamith Ish-Kishor*. It is Dreiser's first new book since 1931. "The adventures of the ego in its painful search for a centre of gravity in the universe . . . is the theme of this philosophy," says the introducer. I read as much as I could of the book, and then I thought of *Stephen Crane*, and how much better he did this sort of thing, and how much more briefly—how the phrase counted, and was memorable—in Stephen Crane. In the main, there is much of the obvious presented in an entirely uninspired manner; and the occasional curses at an anthropomorphic God seem rather sophomoric. In fact the book breathes, rather, of the kind of thing one writes in adolescence, when every least thought and speculation seems vastly important. I do not say that there are not occasional passages good to find for their thoughtfulness, but I do say that they are hard to find.

Willett, Clark & Company of Chicago, whose New York office is at 200 Fifth Avenue, publish "Lower than The Angels," by *Rosalie Dunlap Hickler*. This poet can surprise with a good phrase now and again, of a girl who can "talk like rain in the brimming eaves," of a "dull, delivering rain" in January thaw, of one of her children who is "a briar patch, and a single crimson rose," of the child who said of the dead chipmunk, "He stopped!" "Tapestry," "You will Believe," "Thunderstorm," "Night on a Mountain," and "He wanted Hills," are among her best poems. She has published in *The Atlantic Monthly* and in *Poetry: A Magazine of Verse*.

Out of direct experience in teaching come *Ernest G. Moll's* "Campus Sonnets" (The Metropolitan Press, Portland, Oregon) but all his sonnets are not concerned with the classroom. To me, however, the ones with most tang are. To give an idea of his quality I quote "Intellectual Ferret, Muzzled,"

Life was unkind to grant you such a scent
For truth and then provide your nose a muzzle;
Against the quarry's side you may but nuzzle
As helpless as a hungry man in Lent.
Your masters say the muzzle is well meant
That keeps you keen while others feed and guzzle;
You serve them better so—but still I puzzle
Is milk, alas, your only nourishment?
Proud hunter, ranging through the Sacred Wood,
You'll drive out Truth from many a secret hill
And then stand by while others make the kill
And grant you not one single drop of blood.
And worse to come, your masters will, no doubt,
Take off the muzzle when your teeth are out!

But there is no end to sonnets. Published for the first time, from a posthumous work, are "Yew-leaf and Lotus Petal," by *John Evelyn Barlas*, with woodcuts printed from the blocks engraved by *John Buckland Wright*, the whole book hand-set and published privately at the Oriole Press, Berkeley Heights, New Jersey. Barlas was born in Burma in 1860, a descendant of that Scottish heroine, *Kate Douglas*, who had earned the name Barlass as you may read in a ballad of *Rossetti's*. He went to Oxford where, while still an undergraduate, he made a romantic marriage with a grand-niece of *Lord Nelson*. He was a passionate lover of nature and a rebel against society. Between 1884 and 1893 he published eight small volumes of verse under the nom de plume of *"Evelyn Douglas."* He died in Glasgow in 1914. *Henry S. Salt* writes an introduction for the present little book. The sonnets are phantasmagoric, and belong to the end of a century; but Barlas is one of those "sports" on the tree of poetry who are of curious interest.

More sonnets are before me in "A Saga of a Paper Mill," by *Laurence Pratt*, from The Caxton Printers, Ltd., Caldwell, Idaho. Here is the essence of a typical West Coast industry compressed in a sonnet series. The eight o'clock shift is described, the head logger, the wood-mill, the furnace room, the electric sub-station, and so on. We have portraits of people both at the mill and in the town. This is good versified reporting, and a book that for its expert pictures in verse merits a thorough reading. It is no "Spoon River," but it presents an interesting cross-section of actual American life.

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(Lawrence of Arabia)
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The New Books

Belles Lettres

THE POETRY OF MATHEMATICS and Other Essays. By David Eugene Smith. New York: Scripta Mathematica. 75 *cents.*

The series of little books of which Professor David Eugene Smith's was issued as the first to be published by the quarterly journal *Scripta Mathematica*, "will deal with the history and philosophy of mathematics, and with its relations with the other great activities of the human spirit." Professor Smith's volume contains five essays of very varied character; but each of them tends to heighten the appreciation of mathematical thought as one of the highest and most inspiring activities of the human mind. One could wish that the first essay, "The Poetry of Mathematics," were not the shortest; for it is in its poetry, more than in any other quality, that devotees of pure mathematics find its supreme attraction. The next two essays, however,—"The Call of Mathematics" and "Religio Mathematici"—give scope for Professor Smith's enthusiastic devotion and wide-ranging interest; while the remaining two—"Thomas Jefferson and Mathematics" and "Gaspard Monge, Politician," give us highly interesting aspects of the life of an illustrious statesman who lived and seriously worked at mathematics, and of a great mathematical genius who played his part in the political ferment of Revolutionary and Napoleonic France.

F. F.

Fiction

ANGEL MAKING MUSIC. By Ferenc Molnar. Harrison Smith & Robert Haas. 1935. $2.

This a hard and brittle tragi-comedy laid in the tourists' Venice. The title is a reference to a painting in a church, which is for one of the characters such a child as she would like to have; there is little else that is angelic in the story.

It is concerned with Irma Lietzen, the spoiled adolescent daughter of a rich Hungarian, visiting Venice with her parents. She finds herself attracted to a poor young man, but he is from the first inclined to prefer Judith, the paid companion of Irma's mother; and when it comes to a duel between the women for the possession of the man, the self-possessed Judith easily defeats Irma. Irma, who has never before been denied anything she wanted, throws herself down one blind alley after another, like a mouse in a psychologist's maze, bruising herself against the sides to no purpose. In complete desperation, she first makes an actually murderous attack upon Judith—though an unpremeditated one; she later explains to herself that when she futilely tried to throw the stronger Judith off a bridge, she didn't think what would happen to her; it was "the *gesture*" that was important. And still worse, as more calculated, she tries to fix on Judith the theft of one of her mother's jewels.

If the author cannot keep our full sympathy for Irma, he does make us feel more than might be supposed. But he does so, not by the depth of his treatment, but by its shallowness. He does not offer the full comprehension of a tempted soul; but his touch is so deft that he can treat Irma's crimes in a dry, light manner, as affairs of little importance, and carry us with him for the purposes of the novel. The merit of this is a matter for debate, like the front of Saint Peter's: some critics have praised the architect for keeping his scale so perfect that the size is not realized; to which others retort that to say that a man is so good an architect that he can make a big building look small is like saying that some one is so good a debater that he can make a strong argument appear weak. Similarly, some readers may feel that murder and treachery ought to be treated as murder and treachery. But in minimizing them, M. Molnar has unquestionably shown remarkable skill. The gay Venetian background is of course well done. According to taste, this is either a very pleasant book or a very unpleasant one.

B. D.

OUT OF THAT DREAM. By Katherine Newborg. Doubleday, Doran. 1935. $2.50.

Fantastic and frequently absurd, this novel by a young girl about a young girl is, nevertheless, intriguing in its naïve sophistication. It is elaborately sensuous. The sights, smells, and sounds of a nine days' voyage from Cannes to New York are thrust upon the reader in odoriferous bunches. It would seem from the abstruse quotation on the title-page that the author meant to get at some special truth through her physical fairy tale of young Redley Barden and the mysterious, mocking industrialist, Fragonard, but she has lost herself in an illusion of rocking cabins, lashing spray, and swaying bodies.

Perhaps "Out Of That Dream" was intended as a study in human detachment, but its personalities are so unreal, their talk and actions so artificially prearranged, that one cannot imagine what they could have been detached from. The glowering Italian youth, the bouncing English child, the impossible American industrialist and his impossible friend, the china-doll woman, even the mystical captain are just so many gesturing puppets. Redley herself is flesh and blood and her tentative passion lures one on in spite of oneself. It is a pity that the illusion created by this book appears to have little more behind it than imaginative wishful thinking.

D. P.

CAPTAIN DIONYSIUS. By Catherine A. Janvier. Dorrance. 1935. $2.

Herodotus tells of a certain Dionysius, an Ionian Greek, who at the suppression of the Ionian Revolt which was the first stage of the Persian War, sailed away from his ruined fatherland to the Ionian colony of Massalia, the modern Marseilles, where he became a privateer against the

(*Continued on page* 21)

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THE NEW REPUBLIC has for distribution reprints of the Questionnaire on Social Objectives recently answered by 100 leaders of progressive opinion. (The answers were tabulated in The New Republic of April 17.)

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The Clearing House

CONDUCTED BY AMY LOVEMAN

Inquiries, accompanied by a stamped addressed envelope, should be directed to Miss Loveman, in care of The Saturday Review.

A BALANCED RATION FOR A WEEK'S READING

PORGY. By DuBose Heyward. *Doubleday, Doran.*

THE SIGNATURE OF PAIN. By Alan Porter. *Day.*

MARIE ANTOINETTE. By Stefan Zweig. *Viking.*

America in Literature

W. N. S. of New York City *writes that "in a study of American history my boys would be greatly aided by substantial lists of books—novels, short stories, plays, or poems that would make them realize the elements that go to make up our civilization. The boys are average high school students, fifteen and sixteen years of age." He would like works which cover not only the foreign elements in America but that cast light as well on its different sections, its business, industries, etc.*

WHAT fun to be fifteen or sixteen years of age, with the long summer vacation approaching and books to fall back upon when violent exercise wearies! I can still recall the fervor with which all of us, as the school term drew to its end, made lists of what we would read during the coming months of idleness and how many, alas! of those titles upon our pads still remained untouched when we met again in the Fall. Yet some of those volumes we did take from home shelves or libraries, and long, delicious hours we had with them under the shade of a tree or in a hammock on the porch or in a city basement which was always several degrees cooler than any other part of the house. So perhaps if none of W. N. S.'s boys reads all or even many of the books I am about to suggest they will all at any rate read some and find them absorbing as well as informing.

There is no better way of getting insight into the composite that is America and the ingredients that form it than by way of some of the biographies of the immigrants who have become outstanding members of the nation. Any boy ought to thrill to such a chronicle as Jacob Riis's THE MAKING OF AN AMERICAN (Macmillan) or Michael Pupin's FROM IMMIGRANT TO INVENTOR (Scribners), and find fascinating THE AMERICANIZATION OF EDWARD BOK (Scribners) and Mary Antin's THE PROMISED LAND (Houghton Mifflin), even though the last-named recounts the experiences of a mere member of the female sex. Louis Adamic's LAUGHING THROUGH THE JUNGLE (Harpers), with its descriptions among other things of life as it is lived by the great army of the I. W. W., and Ludwig Lewisohn's UPSTREAM (Boni & Liveright), which on the other hand gives a picture of an intellectual among intellectuals, are both of them illuminating documents on the melting pot process. Dealing with two of the elements of American life which have been less happily assimilated than the others, Booker T. Washington's UP FROM SLAVERY (Doubleday, Doran) and Charles A. Eastman's FROM THE DEEP WOODS TO CIVILIZATION (Little Brown), chapters in the autobiography of an Indian, should not be missed.

The fiction of a country, no less than its biography, affords an enlightening view of the traits, currents, and stream of its life. W. N. S.'s boys would do well, I think, to read first some historical novels like Kenneth L. Roberts's RABBLE IN ARMS (Doubleday, Doran), a tale of Revolutionary days, Christopher Ward's THE STRANGE ADVENTURES OF JONATHAN DREW (Simon & Schuster) and Merle E. Colby's ALL YE PEOPLE (Viking), both of these last stories of the period when Vermont and other New England states were sending large numbers of their inhabitants on trek to the Middle West, Leonard Ehrlich's GOD'S ANGRY MAN (Simon & Schuster), which takes John Brown for hero, and James Boyd's MARCHING ON (Scribners), a romance of the Civil War, and then advance to fiction of a later time. Here, almost at random, I choose from the vast number of works depicting the American scene Willa Cather's MY ANTONIA (Knopf), with its Bohemian immigrant girl in the Nebraska background, O. E. Rolvaag's GIANTS IN THE EARTH (Harpers), recounting the experiences of Norwegian settlers in Minnesota, Oliver La Farge's LAUGHING BOY (Houghton Mifflin), an excellent novel of Indian life, Phil Stong's story of Iowa farm life, STATE FAIR (Appleton-Century), and Louis Bromfield's THE FARM (Harpers), with its picture of Ohio; Ellen Glasgow's BARREN GROUND and THE ROMANTIC COMEDIANS (both Doubleday, Doran), to select from her admirable books two representing different phases of Virginia life; Sinclair Lewis's MAIN STREET (Harcourt, Brace), that recent classic of small town life playing in Minnesota, Elizabeth Madox Roberts's TIME OF MAN (Viking) and Marjorie Kinnan Rawlings's SOUTH MOON UNDER (Scribners), the first a tale of Kentucky mountaineers and the second playing in Florida; DuBose Heyward's story of negro life in Charleston, PORGY (Doubleday, Doran), and to bring New York city, with its polyglot population and its dramatic possibilities, into the scene, those older works, the short stories of O. Henry and Richard Harding Davis.

So much for fiction. W. N. S. wanted poetry, too, that would be portrayal of America. Some Whitman, of course, the boys should read; Whittier and Longfellow, both of them in a sense historians as well as poets, they probably have had in their school courses. But they should add to these old standbys, John G. Neihardt's THE SONG OF THE INDIAN WARS (Macmillan), Stephen Vincent Benét's JOHN BROWN'S BODY (Doubleday, Doran), THE BOOK OF AMERICANS (Farrar & Rinehart), by Stephen Vincent and Rosemary Benét, Edgar Lee Masters's SPOON RIVER ANTHOLOGY, and some of the work of Robert Frost and Amy Lowell.

Finally, since they are specially interested in getting an insight into what constitute the distinguishing traits of various sections of the country, I would suggest that the boys read THESE UNITED STATES (Liveright), a symposium edited by Ernest Gruening, which takes up the Union state by state, occasionally with real brilliance; Frank Ernest Hill's WHAT IS AMERICAN? (Day), and Morris Markey's THIS COUNTRY OF YOURS (Little, Brown).

Postscripts

Once again some of my readers have been so kind in furnishing information which I am certain will be of the greatest usefulness to others that I am turning the rest of my space over to their communications.

Otto E. Albrecht of the University of Pennsylvania writes:

> I was interested in reading several weeks ago the query of G. E. P. of Boston (your issue of February ninth) about the Thais legend. It struck a responsive chord in me, and having just found leisure to look up this particular *dame du temps jadis* (Villon's reference, to be sure, is only a passing one, but shouldn't it count?), I hasten to pass on to you for your correspondent the information which you have doubtless long since received.
>
> A University of Pennsylvania thesis by Oswald R. Kuehne was published in Philadelphia in 1922, with the title: "A Study of the Thais Legend with special reference to Hrothsvitha's 'Paphnutius'." If this is still in print it may be obtained from Miss V. I. Keys, The Library, University of Pennsylvania, Philadelphia. If out of print, I think almost any library could negotiate an inter-library loan for a copy.
>
> Mr. Kuehne's study gives English translations of a number of Syriac, Greek, and Latin legends of Thais, of the play of Hroswitha (I have seen a variety of spelling for her name, but none so original as that in your paragraph!). He also gives extracts from the poetic version of Marbodius of Rennes, and from the anonymous "Poeme Moral" in Old French. He mentions other medieval versions in French, Italian, Spanish, and Swedish.
>
> There is a detailed consideration of the libretto to Massenet's opera, of Paul Wilstach's play "Thais," performed in New York, 1911, and published in Indianapolis in the same year, and finally of Mary Garden's cinema version.

And *Robert Hart Lewis of West Haven, Conn.*, writes concerning a book which I, a few days ago after printing my answers, looked through with great interest:

> Think that *G. C. B. of Andover, N. H.*, in your issue of May 18th would also find very interesting and exceedingly useful a new book and map just issued through the Emergency Relief Commission of Hartford, Conn., and entitled "The Connecticut Guide—What to See and Where to Find It, Compiled by Edgar L. Heermance, with a foreword by Governor Cross. Instead of chapters it has fourteen journeys. Also many classified lists arranged by Towns, such as Books about Connecticut—Indian Places —Geological Places of Interest.

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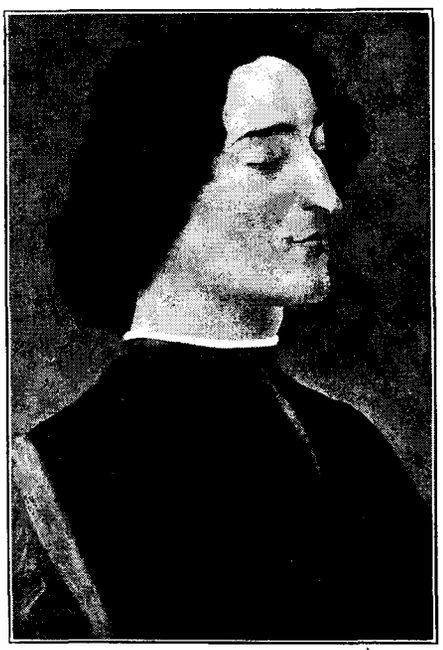
Trade Winds

BY P. E. G. QUERCUS

WALTER LATENDORF, from his bookshop in the New Weston Hotel (N. Y. C.) wants to know which story by O. Henry contains the climactic phrase *"Dearest Walter, with hard-boiled egg."* The answer is "Springtime à la Carte," in the volume *The Four Million.* ☞A whole new generation is just beginning to hear of O. Henry. Every bookseller should have on hand a copy of the *O. Henry Index* which Gene Saxton compiled for Doubleday long ago. Useful for looking up stories vaguely remembered.

☞Thomas Wolfe, still in foreign parts, has sent a postcard, which we reproduce,



THE ANSWER TO CRITICS

to a friend in New York. The message: "Dear——: Please show this picture to critics who said hard things about me, and tell them this is the way I feel about them. Nevertheless, it's a pretty good picture, isn't it?—Tom."

☞Those who relish the bonds between shipping and literature are glad to remember that the chairman of the fine old Anchor Line under its new ownership is the veteran Lord Runciman, whose seafaring books *The Shellback's Progress* and *Windjammers and Sea Tramps* are prized by maritime collectors. ☞Speaking of waterfront matters, Quercus hopes that for the credit of the Port of New York the health department will do something about that garbage dump on the North River at 54th Street. When they tilt refuse aboard the scows *Michael Cosgrove* and *Julia McGeeney* it spreads dangerous dust and flies on the neighboring piers. When the wind is from norrard the new *Normandie* gets the pollution; when the breeze is from suthard our well-loved old *Transylvania* and the Furness-Bermuda ships. Please, Mr. Mayor, how about it? ☞When we visit Captain Bone aboard *Transylvania* we learn more about books than in most bookshops; found him very keen about *Don Segundo Sombre* (Farrar & Rinehart) and *Personal History* (Doubleday). ☞Mitchell Kennerley wonders that the trade here is so little familiar with the useful lists and bibliographies (on all subjects) issued at 3c each by the National Book Council, 3 Henrietta Street, London W.C. 2—a non-profit cooperative organization for the good of the book trade. Every editor, librarian and bookseller should know about these valuable lists. ☞For French books to improve the summer vacation don't forget the valuable bulletins of the United French Publishers, 1819 Broadway. The new edition of the famous *Petit Larousse Illustré* has 1760 pp., 6200 cuts, 140 maps; only 34 francs in cloth, and quite as comprehensively remarkable an achievement as the paquebot *Normandie* herself. We have lived with editions of *Petit Larousse* since 1912 and know what we're talking about.

☞We often wonder if the excellent Blue Ribbon café on West 44 Street is not probably the only restaurant in New York that gives the book business a boost on its menu card. Mr. Henry Fischer, the manager, uses for his menu cover-design a delightful old engraving of game and good living, and among the pictures of fish and grapes are shown volumes of Ovid, Pliny, Virgil, Horace, Apicius, and Homer. ☞Apicius, says Larousse, was "célèbre gastronome du temps d'Auguste et de Tibère." Everyman's Encyclopædia is less approving, says A. "squandered his fortune in gluttony."

☞Frank Luther Mott of Iowa State University has sent out the first of the Whirling World series of pamphlets of which he is editor. Number 1 (90 cents) is Grant Wood's vigorous appeal for regional stimulus in the arts, *Revolt Against the City.* ☞There's much for the collector's mouth to water over in Catalogue No. 1 of the Bodley Book Shop, 17 Middagh Street, Brooklyn. Samuel Loveman gives it a send-off with one of his lively bibliophilic prefaces, and the catalogue notes are of unusual sprightliness.

The New Books

(*Continued from page* 19)

Etruscans and the increasingly powerful Carthaginians. He is the hero of this story, which should be called an archaeological rather than a historical novel. It is one of those books in which the author's erudition is a positive handicap, for though the book has not enough imaginative force to illuminate history as do the best examples of the manner, or even to serve as a vivid picture-page to a history book, it might nevertheless stand as a fairly good adventure story if it were more rapidly and straightforwardly told.

The captain's own story of the naval battle of Lade that ended the Ionian Revolt, all which he saw and part of which he was, shows in particular that the story of Captain Dionysius might have been a good and stirring one. But the author is so steeped in her learning, and so fond of her South of France, that she is perpetually breaking the illusion with impertinent bits of information. In spite of her erudition, her transliteration of Greek proper names is both pedantic and inconsistent, two faults that do not generally go together.

B. D.

History

A CONSTITUTIONAL HISTORY OF THE UNITED STATES. By Andrew C. McLaughlin. Appleton-Century. 1935. $5.

To trace the course of history along the thread of a single institution is apt to be an academic venture which, whatever its philosophical import, often appears to minimize the force of actual events. It is all the more refreshing, therefore, to find a work which presents the material, as well as the theoretical, strands of influence that have served to determine contemporary concepts of the Constitution. Professor McLaughlin's straightforward narrative is never lured by legal niceties from his principal theme, the interweaving development of limited government and of a federal state; the result is a realistic commentary. in terms of this major ordinance, on America's past.

The chronology is strictly historical, only one-eighth of the book dealing with the last half-century. In consequence, the period of conflict over states' rights is much more conclusively treated than the

(*Continued on next page*)

Over the Counter

The Saturday Review's Guide to Current Attractions

Trade Mark	*Label*	*Contents*	*Flavor*
MISTY MOUNTAIN *Barbara Webb* (Doubleday, Doran: $2.)	Love Story	Good wallow in Blue Ridge scenery prescribed, Sue likewise finds there a great lerve.	Average
THE MAN IN HER LIFE *Ruby M. Ayres* (Doubleday, Doran: $2.)	Love Story	Return of her dough-heavy papa upsets plans for marriage in happy poverty. The B. F. can't see an heiress.	Raspberry
DAUGHTER TO DIANA *Allene Corliss* (Farrar & Rinehart: $2.)	Love Story	Socially placed mother and daughter, once wealthy, nearly recoup fortune by marriage. Poor boy wins.	Serial

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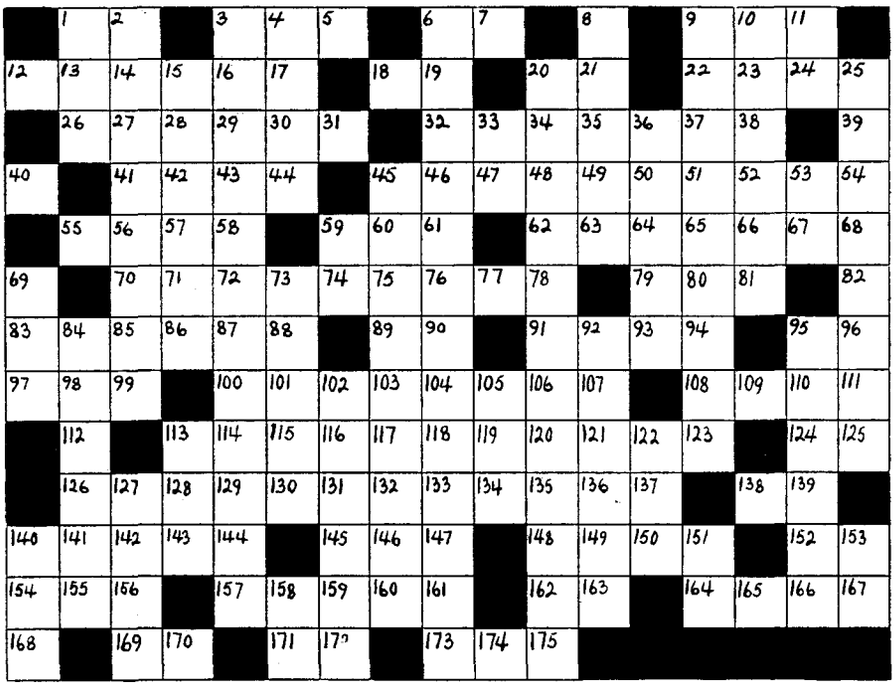
Double Crostics: No. 66

By ELIZABETH S. KINGSLEY



DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle, you must guess twenty-one words, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. The letters in each word to be guessed are numbered. These numbers appear under the dashes in the column headed WORDS. There is a dash for each letter in the required word. When you have guessed a word, fill it in on the dashes; then write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square on the puzzle diagram. When the squares are all filled in you will find by reading (from left to right) a quotation from a famous author. Reading up and down the letters mean nothing. The black squares indicate ends of words; therefore words do not necessarily end at the right side of the diagram.

When the column headed WORDS is filled in, the initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Unless otherwise indicated the author is English or American.

DEFINITIONS

I. Author of "Romance of the Forest" (1791).
II. Expert spinner changed to a spider (Myth.)
III. Hebrew letter corresponding to L.
IV. Nickname of a prohibition leader.
V. Modern German composer (1895—).
VI. Incredible misstatement (colloq.).
VII. Author of "Black Oxen."
VIII. Hilarious adventure (colloq.).
IX. Dispersing in parting.
X. Exceeds, goes too far.
XI. American novelist and teacher.
XII. Heroine of an American poem.
XIII. Attractive.
XIV. Rent asunder.
XV. Petty criminal (2 words).
XVI. People of hopeful disposition.
XVII. Negligible simpleton.
XVIII. Struck with wonder (colloq.).
XIX. County famous for potatoes.
XX. Limited in range, bound.
XXI. Came forth.

WORDS

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The solution of last week's *Double-Crostic* will be found on page 17 of this issue.

The New Books

(*Continued from preceding page*)

era which has witnessed the impact of industrial urgencies upon the form of the union. Many implications are clearly drawn, notably with reference to the Sixteenth Amendment which, in the author's opinion, emerges as the most momentous of twentieth century measures; but there are no prophecies. It should also be noted that almost one-third of the cases cited were brought before the Supreme Court after 1900, which gives a general idea of the great measure of tradition that has entered into the solution of modern problems. Nevertheless, those readers who may seek material in defense or in rebuttal of Mr. Justice McReynolds's recent *dictum* ("the Constitution is gone") will find few indications to reveal how New Deal legislation has affected the ancient balance of powers within our system.

Liberal constitutionist as he is, Professor McLaughlin is a conservative historian. The subject is by nature cumbersome; he has treated it throughout with a deft, authoritative description which reflects the organic and binding quality of the greatest document in the fashioning of the United States.

R. G.

Religion

A RELIGIOUS SOLUTION TO THE SOCIAL PROBLEM. By Howard H. Brinton. Pendle Hill Essays, No. 2. Pendle Hill: Wallingford, Pa. 1934. 25c.

We seek, says Dr. Brinton in this tiny book, a remedy for excessive individualism, but we require of this remedy that it shall at the same time respect the hard-won rights of the individual. Dr. Brinton passes in rapid review various remedies that have already been offered and tried: autocracy, world renunciation, humanism, and supernaturalism. He sketches the early Christian solution, and the early Quaker solution. He comes to the conclusion that the philosophy of Quakerism, at its best, presents the answer to the social problem. It combines the mystic approach to God (which emphasizes the value of the individual) with the social relation to one's fellows. "The way to bring about a new social order like this is to achieve it first in one's heart and in the religious group to which one belongs and then to live in it wherever one may be. It will then be aroused in the hearts of others and grow by contagion." He is not concerned with the pattern it will make, but the spirit that will inform it.

J. P. W.

Sociology

FRONTIER FOLKWAYS. By James G. Leyburn. Yale University Press. 1935. $3.

This book is an effort to apply the methods of "scientific" sociology to a study of the folkways which develop when groups of colonists from a more complex society are obliged to adjust themselves to a strange and raw environment. After positing that "the study of frontier groups offers both detachment and repetition, with a résumé of the salient features of the growth of mores and

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institutions so rapid in its course that the process can be watched as in a laboratory," Professor Leyburn offers brief sketches of certain aspects of nine frontiers: New England before 1650, French Canada to 1698, New Zealand, Australia, the Transvaal, early settlements in Brazil, the Spanish in the New World, the Dutch in Java, and the American frontier after 1770, and appends a final chapter which classifies frontiers according to their characteristic economies and attempts certain consequent generalizations.

The method promises to be fruitful but the results on the whole are disappointing. The most interesting parts of the nine studies are the brief histories which are, of course, the least original. The sketches of the Boers, of the Portuguese at Bahia, and of the English in the southern hemisphere should serve to remind students of the American frontier of neglected opportunities for illuminating comparisons, and the appended bibliographies afford at least an introduction to further study. The classification of frontiers may prove useful, but it is not without difficulties and seems insufficiently illustrated. Of the generalizations attempted some are painfully obvious, others remain of doubtful validity. In compressing this rich material into less than two hundred and fifty average pages most of the vitality has been squeezed out. What remains is a valuable suggestion and, one hopes, a promise of more exhaustive work to come.

G. M.

PERSONALS

ADVERTISEMENTS will be accepted in this column for things wanted or unwanted; personal services to let or required; literary or publishing offers not easily classified elsewhere; miscellaneous items appealing to a select and intelligent clientèle; exchange and barter of literary property or literary services; jobs wanted, houses or camps for rent, tutoring, travelling companions, ideas for sale; communications of a decorous nature; expressions of opinion (limited to fifty lines). All advertisements must be consonant with the purposes and character of The Saturday Review. Rates: 7 cents per word, including signature. Count two additional words for Box and Number. Payment in full must be received ten days in advance of publication. Address Personal Dept., Saturday Review, 25 West 45th Street, New York City.

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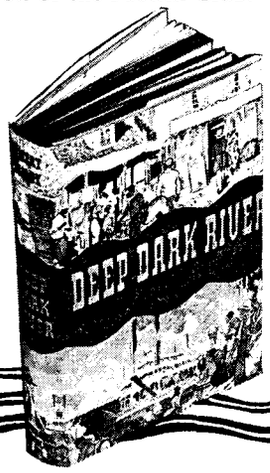

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